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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XLI.:::NO. 37. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882. WHOLE NUMBER 2109.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 43 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.)

[Opposite the New Post Office,]

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS.

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Editorial.

CAN THE BEARING YEAR OF APPLE TREES BE CHANGED.

So much has been said on this subject, and so little has been gained by what has been said, that at first thought it seems to be a waste of time to pursue the subject further; but when we consider how important it is to every fruit grower to be able to control the bearing year of his trees, we better realize the value of all facts relating to the subject.

It is well to occasionally review and compare the results of practical tests with the theories that have been advanced. In turning back we call to mind the following theories that have been advanced to secure a crop of apples the odd year. First, cut scions from trees that bear the odd year. Second, high culture and heavy manuring to make the trees bear every year. Third, compel the trees to start right when young, by pickking the blossoms off the even year; should they chance to begin to blossom that year. Fourth, pick the blossoms from large trees the even year.

Having seen all of these methods tried and carefully noted the results, we have found them to be as follows:

First, of eighty trees grafted with scions taken from a tree that bore the even year, nearly half of them came into bearing the odd year; and out of eight trees grafted with scions taken from a tree that bears the odd year, four of them came into bearing the even year, and have continued so for more than twenty years, and two of the other four have changed, so they bear but few the odd year, and one of the remaining two bears more the even than the odd year. Second, a careful examination of a very large number of orchards has failed to convince us that high culture will bring fruit every year. Third, out of thirty-five trees started to bear the odd year, in a few years after all but five came into bearing the even year. Fourth, in some cases, in fact in the majority of cases, when the blossoms have been picked clean the even year from trees that have been bearing a number of years, the result has been to change the bearing year to the odd year for a few years, when they will come back to their former habits, unless the blossoms are kept picked off the even years. The expense of thus keeping a tree in bearing the odd year is quite as much as the fruit is worth; in fact until we are able to hold better control over the apple worm (*coddling moth*) it is not desirable to change a few trees to bear the odd year, as they only furnish food for the worms, and assist them to propagate their species for the destruction of the fruit the even year.

To make it desirable to change the bearing year we need to know how to do it at a small expense on a large number of trees.

THE FIGHT WITH THE WEEDS.

The season has come forward so late that the time between planting and mowing will be so short that the cultivation of crops and the killing of weeds will have to be performed in the shortest time possible. Many farmers do not seem to know how to do this. Frequently in their efforts to save time, they increase the labor of clean cultivation, at least one-half, and at the same time lose half of their crop.

When one is short of time, it is bad policy to delay cultivation, thinking to save time by hoeing a less number of times. Better hoe three times, and do it at the proper season, than to hoe but once, and do it when the weeds are higher than the crop. Not only does the once hoeing require more time to do it than it would to hoe it three times, if done at the proper time, but the crop is very much injured by the delay by not stirring the soil often enough. If the soil be stirred as soon as the crop is up, the weeds will be so small that very little labor will be required to kill them. Thus the work can be done very rapidly and the soil left in a condition for rapid plant growth. So thorough can the work be done, that when the time for the second cultivation comes, only very small weeds will be found, and the work can be done very rapidly; but if the work of hoeing the first time be delayed, it will not only be a long, tedious task to root out the weeds, but many of them will be so large that even if pulled up and left on the surface, they refuse to die, but will wait until a rain comes, when they will put forth fresh roots, and in a very short time will again become well established; so the second hoeing must be resorted to, or the crop will be overpowered, and *soon* the second hoeing, when the weeds are *large*, will not keep the land clean, unless the weeds are all picked up and carried off the land, which is a very slow process, and takes more time than it would to hoe three times at the right season.

When the farmer is short of time, his best way is to begin to cultivate as soon as he can see the crop, and continue to go over the ground as often as the weeds make their appearance above ground. By so doing he is able to do most of the work with a horse, and thus do it very rapid.

No work on the farm pays for prompt action as well as the cultivation of crops to kill weeds. It pays in two ways. First by saving of labor, and second, by increasing the crop. But few operations on the farm cause more loss by delay than the cultivation of hoed crops.

THE CARE OF NEWLY SET TREES.

While it is important that every effort should be made in transplanting trees, that all of the conditions should be favorable and the work done in the best manner, it is equally important that the trees should be carefully looked after until they become fully established.

There are some seasons when to neglect a newly set tree for a single week will prove fatal. Persons of limited experience think if a tree be well set, and it leaves out, they have nothing more to do but to enjoy its growth. This is a mistake. Many trees die the first season they are set after they are well leaved out, and perhaps made several inches' growth.

The sun in our latitude is so hot during the summer months that very large quantities of water is thrown off by the leaves of the trees, and unless the roots are numerous enough, and are surrounded with sufficient moisture to supply the water as fast as it evaporates through the foliage, the leaves will lose their natural color, begin to wilt, and finally die.

A newly set tree has but a limited quantityof roots, and none of them penetrate the soil very deep. For this reason, as soon as the leaves begin to grow, the draft on the roots for water is such that the limited space they occupy is soon drained of all moisture. To guard against this, it is necessary to resort to artificial means to apply water in sufficient quantities to keep the earth around the roots continually moist. The more a tree grows, the more water will the roots be obliged to absorb to keep up the waste by the evaporation. In addition to the amount of water taken up by the tree, and evaporated through the leaves, there is always large quantities lost by evaporation directly from the soil. To prevent this, the soil two feet beyond where the roots extend, and up to within a few inches of the trunk, should be kept heavily mulched until the tree is well established, which is often not until the second year has passed.

When a tree is to be watered, it should not be done by pouring a few quarts of water within a few inches of the trunk of the tree, but the ground should be well wet in a circle around the tree larger than the space occupied by the root. If water be applied in this way, it is not necessary to water every day. Once a week is often enough, unless it be very dry.

Trees that run up tall with no lateral branches to protect the trunk, should be shaded in some way the first two years. This may be done by covering the trunk with coarse matting, or what is better, four boards, six or eight inches wide, nailed together around the tree. Numerous holes should be made in the boards, to give a chance for a free circulation of air.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A DRY CLEAN WALK.

To make a good walk two things must be kept in mind. First, good underdrainage, and second, a hard smooth surface. To secure these remove all of the soil where it is desired to construct the path, at least twelve inches deep; into this place stones weighing from one to ten pounds each; the large stone should be placed at the bottom and the smaller ones at the top; and should be about nine inches in depth; cover the stone first with two inches of coal ashes; on this put two inches of fine gravel, sifting out all of the stones as large as a small walnut. The centre of the walk should always be at least two inches higher than the edges. Make the gravel hard by pounding it down with an instrument made of some hard heavy wood, which can be constructed in a few moments, by taking a round log of wood, say six inches in diameter at the large end, and three and one-half feet long; bore an inch hole about a foot from the small end, into which drive a round tough stick, for a handle to lift it by, and the implement is made which will last a lifetime, if kept in a dry place. In constructing the walk care should be taken to cover the ashes with gravel, deep enough, so that they will not come to the surface when the gravel is pounded down, as the coal ashes are entirely unfit for a surface covering, being inclined to be sticky in wet weather, and at all times liable to stick to the bottom of the shoes, and thus carried into the house, to the great injury of the carpets. Never be led by any one's recommendation, to cover the surface of walks with coal ashes unless it is desired to injure the floors and carpets of the house and impose upon the good nature of the housewife. Walks thus made will always be dry and hard, even in the spring when the frost is leaving the ground, and they require but little labor to keep them in good order, except to keep the grass from encroaching upon the sides.

It should be the desire of every farmer to so construct the walks between the farm buildings, so as to prevent, as far as possible the soiling of the floors and carpets of the dwellings. A little effort in this direction will save the wife much hard labor and prevent many hard thoughts and perhaps hard words.

GRANGE DISCUSSIONS.

For the last four years I have been much among the granges both in public and private meetings, and no subject of practical importance has been so fully and so often discussed as the subject of butter making, and it has been clearly seen that a feeling of emulation was being developed, which could but produce good results. No woman likes to be outdone by her neighbor, when one sister tells of getting thirty-five or forty cents for butter, the other sister who is selling for twenty gets a bee in her bonnet at once. When one farmer tells of getting four hundred pounds from his cow, his neighbor, who is getting but one hundred and fifty, sees a big hole in the skimmer that he never knew of before, and forthwith he begins to investigate the cotton seed and Indian meal question, and probably he will batten up the cracks in the tie-up and get a load of saw-dust for bedding. I know of nothing that will more strongly influence ambitious men or women than this feeling of emulation, and nowhere can practical questions be so intelligently and unreservedly discussed as in the grange.—*Gor. Maine Farmer.*

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

"ENGLISH" HAY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you do me the favor to inform me which kind of grass or hay it is which is prefixed with the word *English*? For instance, *English Hay*. I have never noticed any hay with this name mentioned in any journal outside of New England. I assume that it is *our* Timothy, known in England as *Cat's Tail*, (Phleum Pratense.) If it is not that, please say exactly what it is. I have often been confused by the term, and have been unable to answer when asked, what is meant by "English Hay,"

And oblige yours truly. P. K. F.

Germantown, Phila., May 30, 1882.

The term English Hay as known in New England, is used to distinguish the high ground hay from low ground meadow hay. Timothy, clover and red-top and many other sorts of nutritious grasses that grow on high land, when dried, are known as English Hay. Here in Massachusetts we divide our hay into three sorts, English, fresh and salt hay. While, as above stated, the English grows on high lands, the fresh grows on wet land, and is composed of the natural grasses that grow without the aid of cultivation, and the salt hay grows on the low land that is occasionally covered with the salt water from the ocean.

As the term "English Hay" is local and not defined in books, it is not strange it should confuse those who have not been made familiar with its application, but the term is so familiar in portions of New England that it is used frequently without a thought that it may not be understood in other portions of the country.—[ED.

WIND BROKEN HORSES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the *Ploughman* what I can do to help my horse's wind? I have a horse that is a good working and a good driving horse. He drives steady and does not care about stopping to walk, as wind broken horses generally do, but breathes hard and as if he was all out of wind, but he don't seem to mind it much. If you know of anything that will do him any good, please inform me.

Yours Respectfully, H. F. F.

Brewster, Mass.

Our correspondent, H. F. F., wants to know how to help his horse's wind. The horse is steady, drives well, works well, and does not care about stopping to walk, "but breathes as hard as if he was all out of wind, but he don't seem to mind it much. If you know of anything that will do him any good, please inform me."

Our correspondent calls his horse "broken winded," possibly he is mistaken and the horse has only a disagreeable habit of breathing, or some effect of former acute disease that has contracted the respiratory passages so that in rapid movement he makes a roaring or whistling sound. A chronic case of this kind is incurable, but causes no suffering and does not unfit the animal for any kind of work. In some cases of impaired wind there is a condition of the lungs in which a part of the air cells have been obliterated from the effect of severe inflammation or pneumonia. This diminishes the "wind" of the horse. His respiration is necessarily quicker, and when in action becomes labored. Treatment of such a case is useless. Good care and slow work is all that can be recommended. Active affections of the bronchial tubes will be indicated by coughing and the presence of mucus.

True "Broken Wind" is caused by rupture of the cells of the lungs, several of them forming one space—air may pass into the cellular membrane. To the practical horseman this condition cannot be mistaken. The breathing is peculiar—the expelling the breath being performed with a double movement, after which there is a relaxation of the muscles and a dropping in of the flank that is unmistakable. There is no possible cure for this. Good care, nutritious food and moderate work is all that can be done for it. Probably our correspondent may conclude that his horse is only troubled with a thickening of the air passages.—[ED.

BLACK ANTS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

A colony of black ants have begun to build a nest in the lawn in front of a neighbor's house. How can my friend get rid of them? They are spoiling the lawn? W. E. T.

Boston, Mass.

No time should be lost in getting rid of these troublesome insects. They can be driven off by opening the earth and applying strong brine, but this is not the best way, as they may remove to a location less desirable. The best thing to do is to destroy them; this may be done by building a fire around them, and when the fire encircles them, with a hoe dig the ground up as far down as the ants go; keeping them well stirred up until the whole mass of earth is hot enough to kill the ants. This is a remedy that will apply to a field away from buildings, and where the destruction of the surrounding grass is of no consequence.

When near the dwelling hot water may be used; provide three or four pails full of boiling water, open the ant hill and then pour the water on; if the colony is not large, by stirring the earth while applying the water all of the ants that are at home will be destroyed; if those that are abroad when they come, conclude to rebuild the destroyed home a second application of boiling water must be applied; this will usually be sufficient.—[ED.

BARN ITCH.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you tell me how to cure the barn itch?

Winchendon, Mass. E. B. B.

There are several remedies that are effectual if properly applied; but no remedy is of much value that is carelessly applied. It should be kept in mind that the trouble comes from an insect that breeds rapidly, and that unless the work be done thoroughly so as to destroy all of the insects, the disease will break out again and soon spread over the herd; therefore whatever effort is made to cure the disease should be no halfway, but thorough, and followed up until every insect is destroyed. In warm weather it is believed that the insects will live in the barn more than a week; it is therefore best to keep the cattle away from the barn a week or two; while the remedy for a cure is being applied.

One of the most certain remedies is an ointment made of one pound of lard, one pound of powered sulphur moistened with spirits of turpentine. After the cattle have been washed with strong soap suds the ointment should be applied in the most thorough manner; to make the work more sure a second application may be made in a few days. If the work be well done the cure will be complete.—[ED.

WORCESTER NORTH AGRICULTURAL FAIR, 1881.

BY E. C. FARNSWORTH.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

Agreeable to appointment the delegate from the State Board attended the annual Fair of the Worcester North Agricultural Society at Fitchburg, Sept. 27th, 1881.

Upon arriving at the society's grounds the first examination made was the live stock. There were found upon exhibition specimens from nearly all the prominent breeds raised in the county. The Jerseys largely in excess of any other class; some very fine specimens of this class were present. Those of F. J. Brown of Lunenburg, John Brooks of Princeton and G. W. Goddard of Greenville, N. H. Following these were Devons, Ayrshires, Shorthorns and Holsteins, in all about 100. Of these some 70 were cows. Of oxen there were a large number of pairs of very good cattle. The number of cows exhibited as compared with the census returns of 1875 in Fitchburg and contiguous towns not including Princeton, those returns being 3200, does not indicate so great an interest as seems desirable in that class of stock.

Of sheep only six were present. Judging from the number exhibited, this class was sadly deficient. There is no reason whatever why sheep cannot profitably be raised and kept upon the summit between the Connecticut and Nashua rivers.

Of swine there were fifteen, including sucking pigs. Your delegate failed to find any reason why this class, so important to the farmer, was so small.

The exhibition of fruit and vegetables, also of corn and other grain was very good.

There was exhibited upon the society's track for premium, according to the programme, a class called farmers family horses, allowing your delegate to be judge of the horses that appeared at the call of the marshal, most farmers in the county would not tolerate them upon their premises.

If criticism is allowable it seemed to your delegate that the ball of the society should be used for the display of fruit and vegetables with other products of the farm, including flowers; also fancy articles exhibited by the ladies, instead of a shelter tent outside; the society's hall being given up for a show of dry goods from Main street.

The attendance was not large for a society so centrally located, it having but one day for exhibition, the day being very fair and pleasant.

ABSORPTION OF POISONS BY PLANTS.

Professor F. C. Phillips has been making some experiments to determine what, if any, were the influences of metallic oxides in the soil on plants growing in it. The two points investigated were whether, under those conditions, plants in a perfectly healthful state will absorb certain oxides, and whether any injurious effects are produced upon them.

From these experiments he concludes: 1. That healthy plants, grown under favorable conditions, may absorb through their roots small quantities of lead, zinc, copper, and arsenic. 2. That lead and zinc may enter the tissues in this way without causing any disturbance in the growth, nutrition, or functions of the plant. 3. That the compounds of copper and arsenic exert a distinctly poisonous influence, tending, when present in large quantity, to check the formation of roots, and either killing the plant or so far reducing its vitality as to interfere with nutrition and growth. It has been found by some naturalists that plants absorb only such elements as are essential and nutritious, refusing to take up what is poisonous or non-essential, and that metallic compounds found in them by analysis are to be traced to atmospheric deposits adhering to them externally. These experiments of Professor Phillips seems, however, to confirm the theories of Freytag, that plants absorb all soluble matters indiscriminately through their rootlets, and that the absorption of poisonous metals causes no disturbance until a certain degree of concentration is reached, when the plant rapidly withers and dies. It is thus of the greatest importance to prevent any crop-growing soil from becoming impregnated with any poisonous elements, since the land will bear crops year after year containing a perceptible percentage of danger.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

MIDDLESEX SOCIETY FAIR, 1881.

BY A. C. VARNUM.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

The Middlesex Society held its 87th annual exhibition on the 20th and 30th of September, 1881.

Your delegate was present and found the society in its usually prosperous condition. Although the exhibit in many of the departments was not so large as on some former occasions, the Old Middlesex does not yet show any signs of age or decay.

The farmers in this vicinity are largely engaged in market gardening and that accounts for a fine display of vegetables of all kinds at every exhibition. Potatoes of the very best varieties; squashes, onions, cabbages, turnips and vegetables of all kinds were so arranged as to make a handsome display.

A beautiful exhibition of flowers and plants was also made in the hall, which contributed greatly to its appearance. Apples, pears and peaches made a good appearance, considering the year. The ladies department of fancy articles attracted general attention.

Everything in the hall was without exception the finest quality. There was a fair display of stock, but not so large as on some former occasions. There was a good number of swine—as there generally is by this society, Mr. Moore leading in this department. A good show of poultry was also made. The exhibition of horses, oxen and sheep was not so large as by some other societies.

The Middlesex Society has fine grounds and a splendid building well adapted to the uses for which it was built. About one o'clock P. M., we sat down to the annual dinner, and everything which the heart could wish was provided.

If any member of this Board has ever tasted a Middlesex Society dinner he will know that a description of it cannot be put upon paper—so I will not attempt it. I hope however, that those of my associates who have never been there will improve the privilege before they die. After the dinner, the president, John Cummings, called upon several visitors to address the large number in attendance, including Col. John E. Russell, our secretary. For one (to use a hackneyed phrase) "I was too full for utterance." The Col. did better—I think he is more accustomed to good dinners than I am.

The afternoon was spent in the exhibition of trotting horses, which was witnessed by a large number of persons. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Moore for his attentions during the day.

DARK SWINE PREFERRED.

Some forty odd years ago, when I first began to execute orders given me by the southern planters, they required, with rare exceptions, white swine. I told them the dark colored would prove the most hardy and thrifty for their climate, the same as negroes over white men. But I could at first persuade only a few to adopt my opinion and take Berkshire, Essex, Neapolitan, in preference to Suffolk, Prince Albert, Yorkshire, Irish Grazier and Chester County—these last five being the popular white pigs of that day. But my southern friends soon found that all of these five were subject to scurf, mange, and other disagreeable cutaneous diseases, which the black or dark spotted pigs escaped entirely, and always wore a healthy, clean, glossy hide. The planters then began to change their orders, and in the course of a few years would hardly accept white pigs from the north, of even the finest breeds, as a gift. In most other parts of the United States, a great prejudice prevailed against black and dark spotted, and few would breed them. Pork packers were especially opposed to them, because they say the skin was dark, and yet this would generally scrape to white when they came to dress it. However, time went on, and as breeders gradually found out, north, east and west, the same objections to white swine which had taken place at the south, they began rapidly to change the color of their stock, and now few white hogs are found in the Chicago, or other great markets of the west, the general run being on the Berkshire, the Poland China and Essex. Indeed so much more favorably are dark-colored swine now considered there, that they have been gradually breeding out the white spots of the first sort above, and now they are almost entirely black or very dark brown, like the Essex and Neapolitan. All these swine are very thrifty and mature early. The Berkshire and Poland China are especially hardy—can endure any extreme of climate, from the coldest to the hottest. The Berkshire is famous for its larger proportion of tender, lean, juicy meat, and is consequently greatly improved for smoked hams, shoulders and bacon. The three other sorts eat up choice, clear, fat pork, which is most desirable to salt and barrel.—A. B. ALLEN in *New York Tribune.*

JERSEY COW "YOUNG GARENNE" AND CALF "YOUNG GARENNE 3D."

Owned by Henry S. Russell, "Home Farm," Milton, Mass.

Bred by Chas. F. Dorey, Trinity, Jersey. Born in 1877. Imported in August, 1881. Dark fawn, nearly solid color, very rich skin, with first class flandrine escutcheon.

"Young Garenne" 136,41, A. J. C. C. Koffee, 233, H. C. Nonpareil 37, H. C. Coomassie 1442, F. S. H. C. Garenne 1575, F. S. C.

Young Garenne won first prize over the Island and Parochial prize in young cow class at the R. J. A. show in May 1881, (the first and only time shown), beating the champion cow Linda, that won the champion cup.

In the *Country Gentleman* of January 27, 1881, we notice an article written by Mr. Willis P. Hazard, to the *Country Gentleman*, while on a visit on the Island, "Coomassie's grand daughter Young Garenne, by Koffee 233 H. C. I saw in Mr. C. F. Dorey's stable. She dropped her second calf at three years old, and gave 18½ quarts, and in seven days made 17¼ Jersey pounds of butter. Seven months after her second calving she made in seven days 11¾ pounds of butter (Jersey weight) She is a medium sized cow, of dark, nearly solid color, black skinned face, fine full eyes, black tongue, light switch, fine large barrel, and is evidently a cow of good constitution. Her escutcheon is nearly first-class flandrine. Mr. Dorey would not name any price for her. Mr. Dorey is Secretary of the Jersey Agricultural Society."

Koffee 104 had the first reserved number at the R. J. A. Show 1875. Coomassie 1442 won Parochial prize at the R. J. A. show in 1875; first prize at the Trinity and St. Martin's show in young cow class 1876, also first prize in same class at the R. J. A. show same year. In 1877, in class cows six years and above, first prize and Parochial prize at the R. J. A. May show, and at the special show August, 1877, second and Parochial prize, and at the St. Martin's and Trinity show (same year, 1877) first prize for aged cows. In 1878 and 1880, each year, first prize over the Island in the extra class (prize taken only to compete.) Shipped for America in January, 1881.

Her heifer, "Young Garenne 3d," was born January 16, 1881, and being sired by "Sir Georgo," he by "Guy Fawkes," he by "Koffee," out of "Coomassie," has in her veins much valuable blood.

A bull calf out of Young Garenne, three months old, was sold two weeks ago, in New York, for $1,800.

The Apiary.

BEE HIVES.

[Grange Bulletin.]

A proper hive should be some taller in the brood chamber than the square of the same—say for instance, 11 1 2 by 12 inches square and fourteen inches high, with eight brood frames, so arranged that they can be handled without interfering with the surplus honey department in the least, also provided with frames for surplus honey that they may be taken at any time when properly sealed over, without molesting the bees in the brood chamber. This corresponds with our views of what a hive should be, in which all persons who desire or have an inclination to keep bees can handle them with safety and with greater rapidity as well as ease and satisfaction to themselves. We know whereof we speak in this matter, having made and tested many other forms of hives, none of which has given us such satisfaction as the one just described, and we are quite sure others who may test the same will coincide with us.

CLIPPING QUEENS—ITALIANIZING.

In reply to a correspondent who wanted to know how to clip the wings of the queen and when to do it; also how to Italianize his black bees, the *American Bee Journal* says:

During fruit bloom, or early white clover, we have found the most convenient time for clipping a queen's wing. By lifting a frame gently from the hive so as not to frighten the queen or anger the bees, with a small pair of scissors and a steady nerve, the wing can be clipped off without the queen scarcely knowing it. If, however, you are nervous in movement, better lift the queen by grasping her gently at the fore part where the wings join the body, and deliberately cut off about one-third of one wing. Care must be observed not to grasp her by the abdomen.

The great majority of your bees being blacks, you will have to cut out the drone comb very closely from the blacks, then stimulate your Italian colony rapidly, both by stimulative feeding and giving sheets of worker brood from your black colonies; then insert drone combs to get drone eggs and brood as soon as possible. When you have Italian drone brood capped, remove the queen into a black colony, and let the Italian colony build queen cells. When these are ripe, remove your black queens, or form queen-testing nuclei from your black colonies, and thirty-six or forty-eight hours after graft in the queen cells. If you have been successful in forwarding Italian drones and suppressing those from the blacks your work will be easily accomplished; otherwise it will be quite difficult.

EGGS AND LARVAE.

[Cook's Manual.]

The workers hatch from an impregnated egg, which can only come from a queen that has met a drone, and is always laid in a small horizontal cell. These eggs are in no wise different, so far as we can see, from those which are laid in the drone or queen cells. All are cylindrical and slightly curved, and are fastened by one end to the bottom of the cell, and a little to one side of the cent e. As already shown, these are voluntarily fertilized by the queen, as she extrudes them, preparatory to fastening them in the cells. These eggs, though so small—one-sixteenth of an inch long—may be easily seen by the naked eye, when the light is good and the cell is clean. Then, skipping 16 feet (two other 4 foot rows, followed as before; and so on, throughout; the yet wider buds being, as I conceive, necessary to the freer and less hindered use of the heavier horse power implements purposed in pushing down, cultivating, cutting and garnering alike, the concurrent adjunctive crops in view; such as field peas, German millet, fodder corn, sorghum, potatoes, etc., to be put down—except as to the first named—after, of course, the corn crop may have been laid aside.

PLAN.

4 ft. w.	16 ft. wide.	4 ft. w.	16 ft. wide.	4 ft. w.

The number of stalks to the acre under the plan described, and accidently hit upon, appears, as it is observed, to be the same—if in each case accurately put down—as though planted in rows 8 feet apart, and at like distance in the drill; this 8 foot plan having, I believe, proved thus far more abundant in its returns as compared with any rival device.

But the superior advantages of the alternate plan described, seems to me plain!

1st—with yet better opportunities of ventilation, thorough sun exposure and still bigger beds—but 1-8th of the entire tract is *monopolized* by the corn crop; *while the entire productive force of the whole tract—still entitled to interest—is yet subject to its every demand*; though not, to the prejudice, of the purposed adjunctive crops, to duly occupy the remaining 4 5ths of the land, and to be cultivated, gathered and garnered as before suggested, by the use of field implements of one's own selection!

The distance in the drill thought best on the particular lands devoted to these experiments is 1 foot; so that the number of stalks to the acre will, in theory at least, be 4853; or, just a third more than the 3640 due to the current 3 4 method; while the latest experiment warrants expectation, under average conditions, of one-half more weight of corn to the fodder.

And thus from 20 acres of the hundred, say, ordinarily surrendered to the corn crop, it seems possible, indeed, to gather—and especially in seasons of protracted, inclement weather—the wider beds secure absolute immunity from its usual prejudice—double the corn to be otherwise produced on the same hundred acres, and of vastly better quality; while the field pea sown as early as the 1st of May, may be alternated with German millet, fodder corn, and other quickly maturing crops, to be sown as late in this latitude as late even as the middle of July, and gathered by the 1st of September; and these in turn by the native crab-grass, which will be all the better or the later start, as it will be free of all competing growths; and, to avoid the coming frost, cut, *per force*, while yet tender!

And the promises, accordingly, of adjunctive crops rivalling in value, and in their uses, to the practical farmer particularly, the main or corn crop while again, the cost of sowing and gathering each and every of the entire of these products, is infinitely reduced, if aided in the work by the improved power implements mentioned, and now-days as every good and thrifty farmer's command!

Other advantages are of course to be suggested, such for example as the decreased liability of the lands to wash—the increased facility of fertilizing, whether broadcast or in the drill—the better view and consequent better supervision practicable of the crops and the labor employed in advancing them; the diminished exposure to incursion of every description, consequent; *the increased comfort assured to man and beast engaged in the crop*; the vastly larger and more effective cultivation practicable, of the wider spaces with even the widest harrow and cultivator, than with the narrow; the vastly increasing corn crop, to avoid interference with the countless little rootlets—faithful little emissaries, ventured, under the encouragement of thorough original culture with plow, harrow and roller—always compensating—indefinitely away, in dutiful search of sustenance for the parent plant; and which it were unpardonable to wantonly injure. And again, the immunity from "fire" common to rows too close together; while again, the wider spaces are being gradually prepared to receive at the proper time, the usual fall and winter crops to be, of course, sown and grown upon these wider spaces while the full crop corn is yet upon the field!

Other advantages are to be specified, but something must be left to the imagination of the reader!

Sustained in conclusion by the philosophies of the case presented, and by the teachings of the experience which it were impossible to ignore, legitimate criticism is unhesitatingly challenged; and especially that of the intelligent farming interest, of necessity interested in every experiment calculated to bring to that interest lightened and better compensated labors, and thus to the country at large, an increased prosperity.

Adding simply that I shall be abundantly rewarded should it be my good fortune to be known as the author of a device which shall or may contribute in any degree whatever, to "a consummation so devoutly to be wished."

Yours truly, &c.,

P. S.—It will of course be seen—*and nothing more is claimed*—that the entire merit of the method consists in, or is due to the peculiar arrangement of the crop on the land in quadrangular distinction to the present modes which are inexcusably thriftless as wasteful in every way!

Montgomery, Ala., May 15th, 1882.

P. S. WINTER.

☞ It is poor economy to let a cow get into low condition either in spring or autumn.

☞ The very best for nice lambs and mutton are the Southdown, and a good Southdown ram is one of the best for the average farmer to use as a sire.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

MORE ABOUT "SILOS."

BY BENJAMIN P. WARE.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of June 3d I notice that it is recommended to build a silo in the barn especially where there is a cellar under it. This plan has been recommended by many writers upon the subject. Without any question this is an economical way, so far as the cost

stituents of maize it is deficient, he is then prepared to apply his fertilizers with intelligence and effect, and *so far as it depends upon the more presence of enriching the material in the earth*, he will easily be able to bring his land up to any capacity of yield he may choose, being only limited by the expense.

He will, however, discover that the mere presence of manures is not all that is required, even though they contain the precise ingredients that are lacking in the soil. The condition in which they are applied has no small influence on the effect they are capable of producing. If they are in a hard, concrete or undivided mass, they should be pulverized. If they are not, indeed, already in a state of minute subdivision, they should be brought to that condition before applying them.

The manure requires most attention in this respect is that of the farm yard. It is not a little remarkable that in the very case where the process of reduction and disintegration is most of all needed, it is often most neglected. The contents of the stalls and of the compost heap, which, from the variety of materials they comprise, need to be elaborately worked over and subdivided, in order to be thoroughly mixed, are yet frequently carted upon the land in rude lumps and unbroken masses that seem far from suited to the fine roots and fibres through whose minute agency they have yet to enter before they can nourish the growing corn.

The "Agriculturist" says: "Plants feed mainly at the extremities of the rootlets, through mouths too small to be seen by the naked eye. The finer the manure is made the more easily it is dissolved in water, and the sooner it passes into circulation."

The cultivator who intends to secure a maximum crop, or even a tolerable crop, from any given field—and every one should aim for this—will find it necessary to attend to his fertilizers, whatever may be the kinds employed, and reduce them to a suitable degree of fineness before applying them to the soil.

But, in order to secure to the growing plant the full and legitimate effect of the manure applied, there is still another condition remaining to be complied with. The fertiliser and the soil require to be intimately *blended*. It is not enough that they are, each of them, separately and thoroughly pulverised; they must also be, and with equal thoroughness, intermingled. The particles of manure must be effectively and minutely distributed among the particles of the soil.

It is the function of the soil to so prepare the plant food as will best suit the needs of the plant; and the more we can do to aid this preparation so much are we doing towards increasing the quantity of our crop.

It is an essential point to remember that the more closely the grains are planted the more the soil is to be enriched, and the more thoroughly must it be tilled. It should be observed that the smaller varieties admit of closer planting than the large.

It is a good rule in planting maize to put more grain into the ground than is intended to remain. It provides against casualities, and can be thinned out at the second hoeing. It has also this advantage, that it enables the cultivator, at the time of thinning, to make a selection of plants. There is often at that stage of growth a marked difference in the plants; and it is an important point gained when we can discard the inferior plants, and so increase to the chance for a good crop, and seems entitled to more attention than it often receives.

Another point connected with planting, which should not be overlooked, is the uniform covering of the seed. If this is not properly attended to, there can be no equality of growth. In laying by hand it is scarcely possible to accomplish this object. A variety of planting implements can be found in the market which are valuable for this purpose.

In drill-planting this implement is still more indispensable than for planting in hills, and will soon pay for itself in the saving of time and the superior accuracy of the work.

A certain amount of tillage is, of course, indispensable to keep down the weeds, and to facilitate the access of air and water to the roots. But the true theory of after culture is doubtless to keep the earth that surrounds and covers the roots of the plants as open and loose and porous as possible, without, at the same time, doing violence to the roots.

There is no greater enemy to the maize crop than weeds; and it is even doubtful whether all the other enemies of this cereal combined accomplish so great an amount of mischief, at the present time, as these spontaneous and all-pervading pests of husbandry.

But when, in spite of all the precautions that can be employed, the plagues and manœuvres obtrude themselves into the field, they must be dealt with promptly, and *while they are young*, even at the risk of some damage to the root of the grain.

The growing corn can better afford to encounter the possible loss of some portion of its roots than to endure the presence of these greedy intruders, that swarm into the field only to rob the soil of its nutriment, and to exclude from it the beneficial sunlight.

It must be remembered that the germs from which this innumerable variety of plants arises are spontaneously springs are not the products of a single season, but doubtless the gradual accumulation of many years. Hence the farmer's only certain remedy is in the constant and thorough extinction of them every season, before they go to seed, for a series of years, until the last lingering germ is developed and destroyed, or as nearly so as possible.

Constant yearly activity in this respect is the only sure way to keep our fields most free from weeds. The fewer our weeds, the more time we shall we have to attend to other crops, or to make permanent improvements.

It is thought by some that a certain amount of root-pruning may be of some, to some extent, an advantage. If root-pruning be at all, or under any circumstances, salutary, it can only be so within certain limits, and with extreme caution and judgment and care. It would seem to be rather a necessary part of cultivation, however, independently of its possible benefits.

The horse-hoe and the cultivator are indispensable implements in the care of the corn-crop, not forgetting the valuable hand hoe. I would call attention also to Thomas's new cultivator.

The habit of piling up the earth around the cornstalks, which was at one time almost universal, is now generally disapproved and abandoned. It was formerly supposed to aid the stalk in resisting the effect of severe gales, but in truth it lessens the hold the roots otherwise have upon the soil.

It tends to collect them instead of allowing them to spread out naturally. Thus they will the better and more surely find their food in the soil, perfectly both mingled and with it more sufficiently pulverized and blended. The opinion of a high authority, deemed worthy of encyclopædia publication, is that "All or nearly all the accounts published of extraordinary crops of corn agree in two particulars, viz: in not using the plough in the after-culture, and in not earthing, or but slightly, the hills." It would seem to demonstrate that the *entire* roots are essential to the vigor of the crop, and that roots, to enable them to perform their functions as Nature designed at least be near the surface. If the roots are severed by the plough, in dressing the crop, the plants are deprived of a portion of their nourishment; and if deep ploughing or hilling, the plant is partially exhausted in throwing out a new set near the surface."

Barnyard manure and a good superphosphate will always prove valuable food for corn.

A quick-acting fertilizer sown at the same time as the seed, but not in contact with it, will in favorable weather give the young grain an early start and afford the crows, and such like pests, less time to feast upon it, and thin its ranks.

By all means use a seed-sower for field culture. Hire if you do not own one.

After the seed has been sown, and as soon as the weeds make their appearance, even if the corn appears above ground, and provided that the surface is not stony, the Thomas harrow, or some fine tooth harrow similar to it, can be safely run over the fields to kill the weeds.

I cannot, by personal experience, recommend this practice, but I have it on the authority of those who have done so.

In the first cultivation spread your cultivator as wide as the distance between the rows and the length of the roots will allow.

In later cultivation close your cultivator to suit the length to which the roots have extended. We must be careful in our treatment of these numerous and delicate mouths, as far as is consistent with the need of keeping the soil fine in such condition that these tender rootlets are encouraged to extend to all possible places where it can find food.

The weeds which will start up in the rows of corn to rob it of its nourishment, must be destroyed either by early pulling, or by a slight covering of earth where this is possible.

Let me condense a few of the important requisites.

There must be a complete pulverisation of the manure in the preparation of the heap.

The fertilizer must be free from even the smallest lumps and thoroughly fine.

These must be coupled with thorough pulverization of the soil, and uniform blending of soil, manure and fertilizer, preparatory to sowing the seed.

If possible I should prefer to purchase seed on the ear, and it would be best to secure such from a large crop, and from one that has been thoroughly cultivated and well manured. Under the above conditions and with a liberal use of manure and soil, alone, it is possible to safely and profitably apply LARGE quantities of manure,—ten cords and more to the acre.

No matter how large or how small the quantity of manure and fertilizer used, the above rules will equally well apply.

After this the corn crop has reached a stage of growth where it is better able to take care of itself than man is able to care for it.

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in Tremont Temple, Governor Rice said that between the time of tasselling and the complete formation of the grain was the time when the plant fed largest upon phosphoric acid.

The fact is interesting and valuable, and if we have prepared for this demand in advance, we can then take most pleasure in remembering it.

Harvesting comes next. Shall the tops be cut off and prepared for food for the cattle, letting the remainder of the crop remain standing in the field to dry, and offer a tempting feast for the blackbirds, and to be later cut at the ground and taken to the barn, where the corn shall be husked and the remainder picked, to be fed to cattle, and finally appear as lumps in next year's manure heap? Better cut the butts up before feeding, if this is done.

Or shall we cut the whole stalk off at the ground, and form bundles to be bound into stacks in a manner to best enable the grain to cure and the stalks and leaves to dry for future use?

I have, with most of my neighbors, practised the former course for convenience, thinking the results sufficiently satisfactory; selling the stover that I did not need. In the Southern and Western States where this "topping" is practised the grain is husked from the stalks in the field and thrown into carts to be taken to the barn. Cattle are then turned into the fields to consume all they will of the remainder. This is generally considered a wasteful plan. To illustrate why it is thought wasteful I will quote the words of Mr. Allen in the "American Farm Book:"

"The stalks of corn ought never to be cut above the ear, but always near the ground, and for this obvious reason: the sap which nourishes the grain is drawn from the earth, and, passing through the stem, enters the leaf, where a change is effected analogous to what takes place in the blood when brought to the surface of the lungs in the animal system. This change prepares the sap for condensation and conversion into the grain. But the leaves which thus digest the food for the grain are above it, and it is while passing downward that the change of the sap into grain principally takes place. If the stalks be cut above the ear nourishment is at an end. It can hence become fine and dry, but it will not increase in quantity, while, if cut near the root, it not only appropriates the sap already in the plant, but it absorbs additional matter from the atmosphere, which contributes to its weight and perfection."

Experiments have been tried, and Mr. Clark, of Northampton, found by topping his corn that he lost between six and eight bushels per acre. It is also claimed that by cutting the whole stalk at the ground there is a gain not only in quantity but in quality.

Reason seems to be strongly in favor of the latter process, and I hope that discussion here will include this important point.

Having now reviewed this subject in a manner that I am aware is far from complete, I trust that any ideas I may have suggested and any omissions I have made shall tend to further the discussion this more ng.

But let me briefly touch upon one or two other "grain crops" in closing.

I have had fair success in raising a crop of oats, and on rather dry and light land, and when we consider how many oats are used in this country why should we not grow more of them?

Wheat is grown and made into flour in New Hampshire; why should it not be done in Massachusetts?

I believe that to-day we can, with judicious planting and selection of land, and the details of preparations thoroughly attended to, make other "grain crops" than the valuable Indian corn grow and thrive upon our Eastern farms.

Is it not cheaper to grow than to buy, as a rule? To use the wonderful powers of mind and muscle with which we are endowed as extensively as possible, instead of depending too much upon Western farmers for our "grains?"

Thanking you for your attention, and hoping that I have not been too wearisome, I retire.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

☞ *If any member of the New England Agricultural Society has failed to receive a copy of the Ploughman Supplement Premium List, containing the Official Announcement of Premiums to be awarded at the Nineteenth New England Agricultural Fair to be held at Worcester, Sept. 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1882, a postal card application will secure a special copy of same.*

Mr. Blaine has publicly declined being a candidate for Congress for Maine.

The star-route trial is on at Washington, and arguments from the counsel opening on both sides have been made.

Railway construction in this country for the present year is expected to cover from eight to ten thousand miles of new track.

Thousands of acres in treeless regions of the far West are annually planted, under the provisions of the law of Congress to encourage the growth of timber.

The President has appended his signature to the Geneva award bill, and it is consequently now a law. The constitution of the court of commission is not yet decided upon.

Orders for the discontinuance of military preparations in Egypt have been issued by the Sultan of Turkey, and Arabi Bey has complied with them. The forts of Alexandria are ready for action.

Guitesu's doom is sealed. His case is not to be re-heard. The Supreme District Court declines to re-open the case for argument. Mr. Reed has stated his intention to make an effort for the prisoner in another direction.

The owners of the Monticello burial yard write to the Board of Trustees of Glenwood Cemetery, in Washington, that under no circumstances would they permit the removal of the remains of Thomas Jefferson from that place of burial.

The Secretary of the Navy cabled to Admiral Nicholson, commanding the European Squadron, to send a vessel to Alexandria, Egypt, to protect the interests of American citizens there. Two vessels were at once on their way thither.

The Mexican government has taken a most effectual way of getting rid of the Indians, by offering a reward of $300 for every Indian scalp. Indians are being hunted by everybody on the other side of the border, and they are crossing to our side to be fed, clothed and protected.

A LOOK AT THE TIMES.

Trade generally wears a dull and unpromising look, and the tendency of stocks, even the soundest, is downward. It is what brokers call a "bear" market, and promises to remain such all summer. What Congress may yet do about the currency is an unsettled matter, and upon its action future hopes will be very largely built. It is universally conceded in business circles that nothing is so essential to the currency as stability; but the course Congress has seen fit to pursue about the rechartering of the national banks has not tended to establish public confidence, but in a large degree to unsettle it. This of course has had its effect on general business operations. No one subject is just now more thoughtfully considered than that of the crops of the current season. The belief is well grounded that we are to have the largest wheat crop ever produced in the country. The condition of corn, on which the hog crop wholly depends, is not so well assured. On the contrary, it is well understood that it is almost critical at the present time of writing, and that great disaster to the crop will occur unless there is a speedy return to a term of steady sunshine.

All speculation therefore is inclined to turn upon the coming harvest. But even abundant harvests will not remove errors nor wholly remedy their evil effects. Powerful as the agricultural interest is admitted to be at a juncture like the present, it can do no more than ease a condition of affairs which other means and influences are to cure. The poor crops of last year are not answerable for all that has gone wrong. We look about us to see general trade depressed, production carried on without profit, labor disturbances multiplying everywhere, imports increasing at a rate that is truly enormous, and prices for everything high beyond what is either convenient or desirable. It is alleged with truth that all these things are not due to poor crops. These are not accountable for the high price of everything but food and cotton. The fault is attributed more largely to a vicious currency than to any other cause. It is also asserted that, even if we have abundant crops the present year, it will not follow that business will consequently become so active as the speculators in all sorts of values are disposed to believe. A great deal of the recent activity is ascribed to our very large gold imports, and these have without doubt ceased for some time to come.

THE TROUBLE IN EGYPT.

Matters are rapidly clearing up in Egypt, so as to enable people on this side of the Atlantic to understand them more readily. Arabi Bey at one time had the Khedive completely in his power, and for that matter was virtual master of the country. Yet, although England and France could not have helped foresee the crisis that has befallen, they did nothing to prevent it or to prepare for it; so that at the moment when they are compelled to appear with their fleets before the Egyptian ports, they are met with a protest from the other European powers, in the form of a proposition to hold a joint conference on Egyptian affairs. The powers evidently are disinclined to allow England and France full swing in Egypt, without having a word to say for themselves. The Sultan steps in at this juncture, however, and requests the powers all of them to remain quiet, assuring them that he will take it upon himself to settle affairs with the Khedive, and tenderly g them his solemn guarantee that their interference will not be needed.

This very proposal of the Sultan may in turn only serve to make matters worse. For the powers are naturally jealous of the appearance of a Turkish army in Egypt. But the Sultan's attempt to reduce Egypt to order will tend to make of that country a simple Turkish province. This step will inevitably bring England, not to say France, into still closer relations with Turkey, and thus increase the distrust of the other European powers of England's influences in the East. And the strangest of all complications is, that such a state of things should be threatened at the time when a minister is at the head of the government, who has always been conspicuous in resisting all attempts to draw England any closer into the defence of the Turk in Europe or the interests of Turkey. Mr. Gladstone must feel the anomaly of the situation into which fortune has thrown him very keenly. Still, it is not for a moment to be imagined that he favors anything like the seizure of Egyptian territory, and therefore the other European powers really have nothing to be jealous of. The Sultan has crushed Arabi Bey, as they expressly demanded. Now they cannot consistently demand that he shall abandon his sovereignty in Egypt altogether.

SUGGESTIONS TO LABOR.

If these labor strikes, or uprisings, were a mere manifestation of a desire or a determination to arrive at the best and justest understanding with capital, they would not fail of challenging the widest sympathy, if not universal co-operation. But they are rather an open declaration of hostility than that. They announce a resolve to make all possible havoc with capital unless capital will come to their terms. They are not planned or organized on any basis of real business, for business never begins with defying and denouncing, but with propositions to treat and establish mutually advantageous terms. The whole system is unreasonable and unAmerican. It is an excrescence of European countries, a transference of their guild and union systems to a country in which they have no legitimate root or adaptation. The present upheaval in the different branches of mechanical industry was a preconcerted affair, deliberately plotted by a few men who have got possession of the machinery of their organizations, and use it for the sake of power.

There would be heard a great outcry if capital, as it is fixed in the different branches of industry, were to organize and combine as labor is doing. We know that labor charges that it does so combine, but it forgets that capital is, in the very nature of the case, prohibited from it by the prevailing law of competition. Instead of forming any solid union, therefore, as it is accused of doing in order to justify this union of labor, it is on the contrary in a state of perpetual conflict, always studying to discover the advantage over its rivals. If it could fairly combine, it would naturally be asked against what or whom. Labor utterly misconceives the truth of the case in this respect. It becomes blind with constant brooding. It fails to comprehend so simple a fact as that capital is only the savings of labor, and savings invariably represent sacrifice,—a sacrifice of present enjoyment to a future and permanent good. What, then, becomes of this spirit of sacrifice, which is a putting off of present enjoyment, if a brutal union of strength attempts the usurpation of its place and office?

We need not say that we are the friends of labor, for the reason just suggested, that it is only from industry that capital is produced, and the wage-fund, which is the great regulator of this issue, is accumulated. But we refuse utterly to put faith in any movement, bearing aloft the ensign of self-sacrificing and unremitting labor, that organizes an attempt to destroy capital, which is the sole fruit of labor. All the wrongs and grievances which labor endures may be redressed and relieved in other ways. In seeking the overthrow and prostration of capital, labor only commits suicide. Or rather, it pulls down the pillars of the temple in order to be crushed in the ruins. If there is a cause to be arbitrated between labor and capital, it is to be begun as arbitration usually is, and not with an organized threat and a standing defiance. Too many men are easily possessed with an idea that if they work for others or for a corporation they are menially occupied.—None are really menials but those who choose that attitude for themselves. It is not in the power of any employer in this country to take away the self-respect of the employed. That is his own act alone.

Too much is at stake for employers to presume to manifest an offensive spirit. They can ill afford to do it. They need the labor that others have to sell, and they can offer no more than the market price for it. That price is far from being fixed by themselves; it is an entirely different market in which that is determined. It is done, primarily, of course, by the competition of labor with itself, just as capital is engaged all the time in competition with itself; but it is done ultimately by the great world's market, which is a combination of interests and influences on whose decision labor, like a good many other things, has to wait. From that decision there is no practical appeal. The whole signification of it is, that upon what the products of human industry will bring the world over, one country all the while actively competing with every other, depends the price of labor through the profits of capital. Only, capital is enabled to average its profits and its losses for a series of years, whereas labor is obliged to rely on a steady standard varied mainly by the cost of the commodities of life. When labor has seriously taken these facts into consideration, it will be inclined to proceed to the solution of its problems by very different methods. It will no longer undertake to kill the goose that lays the golden egg daily in order to get at the treasure all at once.

CONGRESS.

There are current rumors of a break-up in the cabinet, Secretary Frelinghuysen to retire. It is stated that he may supplant Minister Lowell in England, and Senator Conkling may be called to the State department. The Senate has passed the army appropriation bill, including the compulsory retirement clause. A resolution was introduced into the Senate, providing for raising a commission on the revival of international commerce in United States steamers suitable for naval services. A resolution was likewise offered requesting the post-office committee to inquire and report on the expediency of reducing the rates of postage on all letters to two cents, and on newspapers and other printed matter to one-half the present rate, and for a standing defiance. Too many men are easily possessed with an idea that if they work for others or for a corporation they are menially occupied.—None are really menials but those who choose that attitude for themselves. It is not in the power of any employer in this country to take away the self-respect of the employed. That is his own act alone.

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READ AND RUN.

—This has been a great week in Congress for contested election cases, nine different ones being on the carpet.

—Egypt is giving Turkey so much concern that the latter has despatched special commissioners to Cairo, expecting to effect a settlement of the difficulties without a conference.

—France, as well as Italy, mourns the death of Gen. Garibaldi.

—Files held by Attorney-General Brewster that the existing laws in regard to the eight-hour system in Government works are conflicting and defective, and that further legislation is necessary. The President is expected to send a message in to Congress on the subject soon.

—Lieut. Danenhawer, of the Jeannette Arctic expedition, has been ordered to special duty to Washington, and will there prepare a detailed report of his Arctic experiences.

—Arabi Bey, in Egypt, openly threatens to repel European interference in the affairs of that country with all the strength he can muster.

—Business in Rome, Naples, Genoa, and other cities in Italy was suspended on Saturday last, out of respect for the memory of Gen. Garibaldi. The French Chamber of Deputies also adjourned for the same reason.

—Princess Louise, otherwise the wife of Lord Lorne, arrived in Quebec from England in safety.

—Louisiana is about to make one more effort to get along without lotteries, by amending the State constitution.

—Philadelphia is about to reorganize its fire department. It was the chief institution of that city, at one time, which many people now living can well remember.

—A professor of mathematics in London has propounded a puzzle as follows: to draw a square within a circle, with an X inside the square, and all without removing the pencil or pen from the paper.

—The last census shows that New York is the largest manufacturing city in the Union, and Philadelphia the second. Then came Chicago, Brooklyn, and Boston.

—The New England Conservatory of Music goes into the St. James Hotel, in this city, next Fall. It is regarded as a bold push.

—Mr. Wilson Flagg finds fault with those farmers who grub, clean, trim, and smooth their fields, leaving not even a cluster of wild vines to cover the nakedness of a bald rock, where a little song-sparrow might build her nest.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote about woman suffrage in Punch as follows: "If any man will take the trouble to see how our people vote, how many gentlemen are willing to take on themselves the trouble of thinking and determining for you and, standing at the doors of the polls, give every innocent citizen his ticket as he comes in, informing him that this is the vote of his party, and the innocent citizen, without further demur, carries it to the ballot box,—I cannot but think that most women might vote as wisely."

—A thrifty Swiss colony has established itself in Georgia, which is soon to receive additions from over the ocean. It comprises twenty families, each of which brought with it from two to five thousand dollars, and now owns a farm that, in Switzerland, would seem like a kingdom.

—The back ward season has somewhat affected the dry-goods trade in New York.

—Colorado's experiment of an one-rail railroad has come to an end, as was reasonably to be expected.

—Judge Tourgee's next story is to bear the title—"Hot Plowshares," and it opens some dozen or more years before the war of the rebellion, sketching the rapid progress of the anti-slavery movement to its culmination in John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, this event and the war immediately succeeding forming the background of a story of domestic life.

—Water impregnated with gas tar is recommended as a substitute for the dangerous Paris green.

—The new oil well at Warren, Penn., called the Mystery, upset the market with its flow of a thousand barrels a day.

—The entire pantheon in which San Francisco is located was once owned by less than forty persons. Now there are more than forty thousand persons on it who pay taxes.

—The newly invented instrument of Prof. Heenen for testing milk is named the "pioscope."

—The bill introduced by Judge Kelley into the House is to restore the word "wool" to a certain schedule and section in the tariff, so as to make wool a component part of various imported articles among other knitted goods. It will operate to increase the duty on all knitted goods of wool.

—The Colleges are making up their Commencement programmes.

—Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, it is stated, is to present his resignation as professor of surgery in the Harvard Medical School to the Overseers.

—Bishop Gilmour, Catholic bishop of Cleveland, has written a letter threatening to excommunicate the female members of the Land League in his flock. Miss Rowland, the president of the ladies' branch of the land league, wrote a bitter open letter in reply, setting the bishop's threats of excommunication at defiance.

—All descriptions of wine, sweet and sour alike, flow into Bordeaux from the different wine-producing countries of Europe, as well as from Australia, and issue from it veritable claret for the palate of the unsophisticus Englishman.

—The Germans are making great strides in the arts of submarine warfare, and their latest inventions are connected with great secrecy.

—Ten small elephants connected with Barnum's circus escaped, the other day, at Meriden, Conn., and soon began to range over a wide expanse of country.

—The Cramer tragedy, in New Haven, appears to be involved in even more obscurity than before, but of the fact of the basest and wickedest of conspiracies nobody entertains a doubt.

—The prospects of an extraordinary wheat crop all over the world are good for the current season. Its good result is sure to come of it, and that is cheap food.

—George Augustus Sala puts the Venetian Gpudda before all other European carriages both for passengers and baggage.

—The Newton, Mass., Circuit Railway Company has filed its articles of association with the Railroad, according to the terms of the law passed at the last session.

—No progress has so far been made in the settlement of the affairs of the Massachusetts Central Railroad. A new organization is demanded.

—Large numbers of the New York boiler makers have returned to work, under the offer of advanced wages.

—The Boston Lancers are out on their annual parade, dinner included, next week. They generally open the military season.

—An iceberg, looming up out of the water for a couple of hundred feet, was seen last week from the Cohasset shore.

—Forty-two persons were killed by the Indian floods in Arizona, and five were wounded. depredations in Arizona, and five were wounded. The loss to stock and other property was over thirty thousand dollars.

—The Sound Steamer Bristol broke her shaft, last Saturday morning, when off Watch Hill, and was towed into Newport by the steamer of that name.

—As Plutarch says,—"When we go upon any business, undertake any office, or chance upon any affair whatever, we must set before our eyes some excellent person, either alive or dead; and consider with ourselves what Plato for the purpose would have done in this affair, what Epaminondas would have said, how Lycurgus or Agesilaus would have behaved themselves, that addressing ourselves and adorning our minds at these mirrors, we may correct every disagreeing word and irregular passion."

—And the same sound moral philosopher just quoted observes also, "If you once apply to philosophy, you will never live without pleasure, but you will learn to be everywhere pleased, and with everything. You will be pleased with wealth for making you beneficial to many, and with poverty for not having much to care for; with fame for being honored, and with obscurity for being unenvied."

—Stratonicus wittily abused the Rhodians for their profuseness, when he said that they builded their houses as if they were immortal, but provided for their tables as if they were to live but a little while.

—The strange thing about the floods in the Mississippi Valley is that they have not affected the cotton crop in either way.

IMPROVED APPETITE AND DIGESTION—One of the first effects of Compound Oxygen is an increase of appetite and an improvement in digestion, as Dr. Starkey writes: "I was unable to digest my food on account of Chronic Inflammation of the Stomach and Torpidity of the Liver. The Treatment had an almost magical effect from the first. My improvement in strength, appetite, and ability to digest my food is indeed wonderful." Another says: "Can now eat almost anything I wish, though a month or six weeks ago my food, even a hygienic one, disagreed with me." Another: "My appetite, before very poor, is now excellent. Feel an elasticity and courage and strength that I have been a stranger to for years." Another: "Have not felt so well in two years. Appetite good; blood circulates well; pains in back, limbs, and lungs have disappeared, and I sleep such sound and refreshing sleep that I begin to feel like a new person." And another: "Respiration, appetite, nerves, and sleep all much improved." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—In a recent suit for damages by a firm against a well-known mercantile agency, it was held by the court that the reports of such an agency, given in good faith to the subscribers, are privileged communications.

—The death of Garibaldi produced a profound sensation throughout Italy, though it was to be expected at any time.

—The simultaneous strikes from New York to Chicago are exciting universal attention, and provoking no end of discussion as to their true significance and the best mode of their remedy.

—The alumni of Boston University School of law dined at Young's Hotel on Tuesday evening, as an annual affair.

—An extensive counterfeiting case has been brought to light in Kansas.

—The remains of Garibaldi were to be cremated, at his own request.

THE "DANA WINDMILL."—The modern American Windmill goes into one of but two classes,—the "solid," or "side shifting," and the Centrifugal-Governor mill. The latter derives its regulating force entirely from the velocity of the wind-wheel; and the load, or work to be done, as it directly affects that velocity becomes a positive element of force for regulating it. Variableness in the wind-pressure and variableness in the load are transformed and combined, by the Centrifugal-Governor, into a new force, which controls and regulates them both. That is the simple theory of the Dana Windmill, representing the second class of mills above named. It is manufactured by "The Dana Windmill Company," at Fairhaven, Mass., and it runs with an uniform velocity and an equal working power in all winds, from the gentlest to the fiercest. This same Centrifugal Governor is the universal Regulator, likewise in use for all other prime-movers, whose powers are derived from the variable forces of nature. By the Dana Windmill may also be generated electricity for use wherever wanted, to be conducted and applied as desired. Mr. Dana, the inventor, formerly a Boston lawyer, is a well-known and successful inventor, and in the Windmill that bears his name offers an almost entirely new resource for raising power for all who have occasion to use it, and for farmers especially.

☞ Wheat Bitters will make you bold, but not rash; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light.

—Wall street is the very last place to apply to, if one would know what are the crop prospects.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880. GENTS.—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever. W. H. WELLER.

—There is reported to be a growing hostility to Germany in Russia, penetrating the aristocratic circles.

FOUNDS ON THESE TRUTHS.—Torpid kidneys, and constipated bowels, are the great causes of chronic diseases.

Kidney-Wort has cured thousands. Try it and you will add one more to their number.

Habitual costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. Kidney-Wort will cure it.

—The Quebec fire, this time, was a damage to the railroads rather than the dwellings or business part of the town.

☞ Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free. je3-4t

—The Mexican Central railroad now operates for 210 miles out from the city of Mexico.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1. mch1-y

—Vennor predicted a spell of great heat for the time when rain and east winds prevailed.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. mch11-y

—Mr. John Bright especially likes Whittier's poems and Bancroft's History.

☞ Agents can grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St., N. Y. nov12 52t

—The quarantine at Halifax is complained of as being lax and dangerous.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

—Basket trunks are the new thing in the travellers' line.

A FORTUNE may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, June 5th, by Rev. M. J. Savage, Alvey R. Sturgiss to Annie D., daughter of Rachel D. Stevens.

In this city, June 7th, at the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. Henry F. Allen, William Manadier Browne to Cordelia Brooks Fenno.

In this city, June 1st, by Rev. H. B. Carpenter Mr. Moses A. Wood of Cambridge to Miss Arietta M. Herrick of Bridgton, Me.

In Brookline, May 31st, by Rev. L. Strauss of Boston to Miss Celia E. Leach of Brookline.

In Newburyport, June 3d, by Rev. D. T. Fiske, Mr. John M. Wilson of Amesbury to Miss Annie E. Delano of Newburyport.

In Brookline, June 8th, by Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, David S. Baker, Jr., Esq., of North Kingston, R. I., to Miss Annie C., daughter of Hon. John W. Candler.

In Lynn, June 7th, by Rev. Dr. Cummings, rector of Attleboro', assisted by Rev. S. D. Gammell of Lynn, Rev. H. H. Fuller, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Mattapoisett, to L. Eva Lyon of Lynn.

In Newburyport, June 4th, by Rev. C. C. Wallace, D. D., William Graves to Ida Louise, daughter of Albert Chever, Esq., both of Newburyport.

In Newburyport, June 8th, by Rev. C. R. Seymour of Winchendon, Mass., Mr. George B. Hatch of Newbury, Vt., to Miss Mary Elcen, daughter of the late Jeneser Brown of Newburyport.

In Wakefield, June 1st, by Rev. E. A. Manning, Fred L. Waterman to Miss Eleanor L. Lee.

In Newburyport, June 1st, by Rev. C. C. Ayers, Mr. Walter S. Martin to Miss Emma L., daughter of J. A. Adams.

In Dorchester, May 31st, by Rev. Jr. Pierce, Mr. Oscar H. Stringer of Boston to Miss A. Carter of Dorchester.

In Framingham, May 24th, by Rev. E. B. Wilson of Salem, Mr. Fred A. Buttrick of Lowell to Miss Florence W. Clark of Framingham.

In Lowell, June 8th, by Rev. J. L. Sewall, Mr. Charles S. Gowen of Boston to Miss Alice J. Fellows of Lowell.

In Bath, Me., by Rev. Samuel F. Dike, Charles F. Ward of Boston to May F. Payne of Bath, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, June 5th, Mrs. Lyman Haynes, 74 years, mother of Tilly Haynes, proprietor of the United States Hotel.

In this city, June 6th, Mrs. L. H. Emery, wife of the late H. E. Emery of Worcester.

In this city, June 4th, Jeremiah Dean, 65 years 7 months 28 days.

In Charlestown, June 5th, Mrs. Elizabeth Lyons, 83 years.

In Forest Hills, June 6th, Catherine Eliot, wife of Prof. F. H. Storer, and daughter of the late Hon. S. A. Eliot, 46 years.

In Cambridge, June 2d, James M. Barker, 76 years 2 months 17 days.

In Baldwin, June 4th, Hattie A., wife of Charles B. Foster, in the 44th year of her age.

In Townsend, June 1st, Joseph Adams, 87 years.

In Randolph, June 6th, Hiram Aiden, 77 years 6 months 21 days.

In Waltham, June 4th, Abagail, wife of Deacon Penniman, in the 84th year of her age.

In Newton, June 1st, George F. Ramsdell, M. D., of Philadelphia, 60 years.

In Plainfield, Mass., June 6th, Mrs. Horace Bowker, 77 years.

In West Medford, June 6th, Charles Abner Ham, 30 years 3 months 8 days.

In Dedham, June 5th, Philenia A., wife of Edward Sumner, 62 years.

In Rockland, Mass., June 5th, Mrs. Susan B. Frost, widow of Benjamin Frost, 84 years.

In Hyde Park, June 3d, Mary B., wife of Benjamin Spinney, 76 years.

In Revere, June 2d, Mrs. J. C. Gaylord.

In South Braintree, June 1st, Mrs. John E. Boyle, 30 years 11 months.

In Medway, May 31st, Abram S. Harding, 64 yrs.

In Dedham, June 4th, Eunice H., wife of Lewis H. Kingsbury, 65 years.

In Winthrop, June 6th, Mrs. Sally, wife of Capt. W. B. Gordon, 68 years.

In Wellesley Hills, Mass., Hezekiah Fuller, 64 years 6 months.

In Charlestown, Mass., June 7th, Mrs. Maria Fuller Raymond, widow of the late William Raymond, 78 years 7 months.

In Newton Highlands, June 6th, Elizabeth Sanford, widow of the late Lewis N. Tappan.

In North Chelmsford, June 4th, Asa S. Cutter, 61 years 6 months 4 days.

In Watertown, June 3d, Mrs. C. Emily Lord, 79 years.

In Quincy Adams, June 4th, Richard Gleason.

In Peabody, June 4th, Mrs. Harriet A., widow of the late Oliver B. Coolidge, 44 years.

In Concord, Mass., June 4th, Emilie M., wife of Mr. S. Daniels, 43 years 10 months.

In Newburyport, May 30th, Miss Eliza A. Dole, 72 years 9 months.

In Townsend, June 2d, Esther B. Eastman, 73 yrs.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork.—Market quiet, and prices without change. Smoked shoulders and ribs are,

STWOOD'S CASE.

upture, Photographs, herman's Treatment, What He Says.

licted Should Read It scape These Horrors.

unbounded pleasure hat I inform you successful treatment of my right side are. After eight years of suffering, and assured in England, by an eminent sur- such a case as mine could not be cured, pply effected a perfect restoration of the abled me once more to realize the bless- nd body. My business is carpet wear- the time I received your treatment I d with comfort. You have my photo- re and after treatment, and I am now e have you take the one showing the it taken here?

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:

useful patient.

RICHARD WESTWOOD,
SHERMAN, 251 Broadway, N. Y.
is, March 28, '882.

TRUSSES.

of curing rupture by trusses has been shed by the experience of pa- tients, ainly no truss that will radically cure pture, or that can be truly considered, ength of time, other than injurious. e truss but a half-day of stripping steel provided on each side with pads to press ly upon the back and abdomen? When effect of the pads? Are they not heating ing to the back and walls of the abdo- the ceaseless force of the misnaming e pads toward each other attempt to ac- ? Look for a moment into the structure reation of the organs, and you will say the kidneys, the bladder, the tendons, the vertebræ and the lumbar region or later, be seriously affected by the essure of the truss, and manhood de- the victim has reached the prime of life. the following example: Pill, for instance, abdomen is filled, and clasp it with ad- lled radical cure trusses, and you will ble indentations made by the pressure, ay that the constant severe embrace of has exhausts the muscular fibre and in- ible injury upon the organs, completely heir functions—in a word, making the d the old useless.

R. SHERMAN,

ly Dr. SHERMAN known to the public with the treatment and cure of rup- er been favorably known for over 30 ly successful practitioner in his specialty, as thousands of grateful men and er the land, who have been permanently treatment, bear witness. The reason so victimized by unprincipled quacks referred to prominent men in this and who have availed themselves of the imonial.

rupture is effected by Dr. Sherman's out an operation, simply by external ; no mechanical contrivance to irri- r the patient, who can perform my kind g treatment with safety from the danger pture, and without interfering with the

photographic likenesses of bad cases er cure, mailed for 10c.
endance necessary. Patients residing can receive treatment and leave for
Dr. Sherman's days of consultation e Office, 58 Milk St., to-day and to- t days, May 10, 11, 12, 24, 25 and 26, days, Thursday and Friday of every consultation days at his principal office, dway, New York, are Mondays, Tues- ndays of each week. Boston office will the summer.

my6-tf

MARKET, BOSTON.

etail Prices.

rrently for the Ploughman, for the week ending June 10.

BEEF, &c.

b...20@35	Beef Liver.....	10@12	
...38@50	Beef Tongue.....	10@	
...30@35	Corned Beef.....	10@	
...30@35	Smok'd Beef.....	10@	
...18@25	Beef Tongue, salt.	10@15	
...10@12			

ork, Lard, &c.

b 12@13	Smoked Should's.	12,13	
...18@14	Smoked Hams....	11@12	
...13@16	Sausages.....	10@12	
ders 6@12	Pigs' Feet.....	8@ 9	
...6@10	Lard, leaf.....	12@13	

eal and Mutton.

...14@15	Mutton, ♂ lb.....	11@20	
...10@12	Mutton, should's.	10@12	
...11@18	leg's Lamb, lb....	13@20	

ultry, Game, &c.

15 @ 20	Pigeons, wild,		
ng 35 @ 50	doz.	@1 50	
50 @ 75	Philadel-phia ♂	@ 30	
@ 20	Widgeon, pair	50 @ 75	
@ 75	Teel, ♂ pair....	75@	
@ 25	Snipe, dozen...	2.00@2 50	
@ 25	Prep, dozen...	@ 50	
1.00@2 00	Brant, ♂ pair.	1.00@2 00	
1.00 @1 50	Yellow Legs, doz	@1 00	
@ 1 00	Plover, dozen.	@ 50	
@ 1 00	Rabbits, each....	@ 10	
@ 75	Venison, ♂ lb.	@ 25	
@ 1 00	Antelope	@	
@5 00	Pigs, roasting	@3 00	
Bach, pr.....		@ 50	

utter, Cheese, &c.

...22@25	Ar to good do..	12@17	
...22@25	Farm	11@14	
@ 25	Cape Cheese....	@ 25	
@ 28	Eastern	@ 22	
@ 16	Northern.....	@ 20	
	Western.....	@ 22	

uit and Vegetables.

75 @1 00	Tomatoes, lb.	@ 60	
@ 60	Do. Bermu'da, qt	@ 50	
@ 20	Tomatoes, can.	15@ 20	
@ 20	Citrons, each..	@ 10	
	TEMATABLES.		
	Potatoes, bush	1.00@1 75	
	Sweet Pot's, ♂	@ 5	
	Turnips, peck.	@ 75	
	Beets, bush.	@ 50	
	Beans—		
	White, dry, pk	@1 00	
	Lima, quart....	@ 15	
@ 50	Cabbages, head.	10@ 15	
@1 00	Carrots, peck..	@ 50	
@ 50	Onions, per bu.	@ 75	
@ 50	Onions, per pk.	@ 50	
@ 50	Cauliflowers ..	@ 50	
@ 50	Celery, ♂ root.	@ 5	
@ 50	Lettuce ♂ head	@ 50	
@ 50	Squashes—		
@ 25	Hubbard, ♂	@ 5	
@ 25	Marrow, ♂	@ 5	
@ 25	Turban.....	@ 5	
	Cucumbers, ea.	10@ 15	
@ 50	Egg Plants, ea.	@ 50	
@ 50	Herbs, ♂ lb....	@ 5	
@ 50	Pickles—♂ gallon—		
@ 50	Cucumbers ..	@ 50	
@ 50	Mar'nades....	@ 50	
	Limes.....	@ 50	
@ 50	Lychees, Nuts	@ 50	
@ 50	per doz.....	@ 50	
@ 50	Rhubarb, ♂	@ 5	
@ 50	Artichokes, pk	@ 50	

ON SEED MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.

50 @1 50	Hemp'n Grass,	
@ 1 50	bush.....	@1 50
	Millet, bush....	@2 00
	Red Top, sak 4	@4 00
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	Spring Rye,	
	♂ bush.....	1 00@1 50
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@ 90	Salt & Fish Meadow	@
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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says: In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the most effectual remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch: We have seen its magic effects, and know it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia: After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

From W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says: I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It is a panacea for all bruises and burns. It relieves pain and soreness, and heals wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says: For colds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest are its best friends.

Its success is entirely because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, hundreds of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued than ever before. Every family should have a bottle ready for use. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills may often be saved by prompt application of the Pain Killer. Unlike most liniments, it is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

WHEAT BITTERS. THE BEST AND The Richest BLOOD, BRAIN and NERVE -F-O-O-D-

CAREFULLY PREPARED, THOROUGHLY TESTED, ACCEPTABLE AND RELIABLE.

The Flour of Wheat are its most valuable food property, and are, when properly prepared, the most acceptable nutriment with which to build up the system.

The Blood, Brain and Nerves are the throne of life, and in order to save sickness it is wise to build FOR HEALTH.

Wheat Bitters are prepared, not by forcemeat into but by extracting from wheat and rye Phosphates, while the starch and impure matter are eliminated. These make in them- selves a basis, to which is added the best and richest medicinal qualities, necessary to make a tonic and bitter. It is not done half- ful, pleasant to the taste and must not be com- founded with the thousand and one cheap alcoholic bitters which are sold as cure-alls. Medicine is doubly effective when used with food, so as to unite with it correctly.

Sold by druggists, $1.00 per bottle.
WHEAT BITTERS CO., M'f'rs, N. Y.

apl-cowy

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured when all other remedies failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

If it cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored, the Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

In purging the Dry Vegetable Form, in this case, one package of which makes 6 quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for those portions of those who cannot readily prepare it. Rest in both equal efficiency in either form. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

KIDNEY-WORT

DR. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup.

CURES SCROFULA AND ALL DISEASES. CURES FEVER AND AGUE. CURES BILIOUSNESS. CURES HEART DISEASE. CURES RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY. CURES NERVOUS DEBILITY.

[TRADE MARK.]

CURES Dyspepsia, Liver Diseases, Fever & Ague, Rheumatism, Worms, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Biliousness, Nervous Debility, etc.

The Best REMEDY KNOWN to Man!

12,000,000 Bottles SOLD SINCE 1870.

This Syrup possesses Varied Properties.

It stimulates the Pyraline in the Saliva, which converts the Starch and Sugar of the food into glucose. A deficiency in Pyaline causes Wind and Souring of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.

It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It Regulates the Bowels.
It Purifies the Blood.
It Quiets the Nervous System.
It Promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates. It carries off the Old Blood and makes new. It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, *are only being required in attention to directions.*

KIDDERTOWN, Dukes Co., Mass.

This is to certify that Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup has entirely relieved me of severe Pains in my Kidneys. I cannot recommend it too highly.
A. WEBQUISH.

N. TISBURY, Dukes Co., Mass.

I have used Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup for Dizziness in the Head, and it has benefited me more than any other medicine I ever used.
G. A. ROGERS.

COOLEYSVILLE, Franklin Co., Mass.

I have tried Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup and it has proved the best medicine I ever used. It Purifies the Blood and Regulates the System, and I would not be without it.
S. L. HASKINS.

MARLBOROUGH, Middlesex Co., Mass.

This is to certify that Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup has cured me of Dyspepsia and Indigestion of seven years standing. I recommend its use to all.
C. LEWIS PERRY.

Agents wanted for the sale of the Indian Blood Syrup in every town or village, in which I have no Agent. Particulars given on application.

DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co Augusta, Maine. dec1-f52t

CHARACTERISTICS OF JUDGE WILKINSON.

The addresses on the career of the late Judge Ezra Wilkinson, delivered at the Norfolk bar meeting on the 12th instant, of which an extended report was published the following morning in the Advertiser, have been republished in full in the Dedham Gazette. Several of the members spoke of Judge Wilkinson's life of retirement, and his peculiar characteristics. Nathaniel F. Safford, Esq., in the course of his remarks, spoke of Judge Wilkinson's maturity of judgment, early developed, which was the prominent characteristic of his life. "Even at the bar," he said, "he brought to his causes more of the discrimination and perusativeness of the judge than of the impressive force of the advocate."

Concerning his love of books, his library, and his country home, S. B. Noyes, Esq., spoke in the following terms: "Just so was a man of sentiment as well as of brain is proved from his love of classical studies and the ancient poets, and in both few men, certainly few practising lawyers, were better versed than he. The companionship of his books—noble comrades of the noblest of us—gave him abounding cheer and comfort, and to the last he was their student. Nor is it without significance as to his character in these respects, that he found it pleasant to go back to his native town, taking his books thither, and there upon his ancestral acres to make a home for himself and his sisters, and to enjoy that pleasure of the country which, from Cicero's days to ours, has been the solace of so many side men in their old age. He had the genuine Anglo Saxon love of land, and a new field added to his domain was a new joy. Only last year he had annexed four score acres, and had bargained for two hundred more. His cultivated fields stood gently as far away as the eye reached from the piazzas of his chosen dwelling, and had been enclosed by solid walls of stone masonry. The low roofed cottage house in which he was born was in sight of the window of his library, and one could fancy that he had outgrown its limits, as the evergreen forests, that perhaps had been planted before it in his infancy, had grown high into the air above the roof, talls, tinight and hardy, outgrowing the narrow bounds of the garden. The lake of living water, in the midst of the lawn before his library, was shaded by shrubbery, natural and art ficial, that 'Shenstone might have envied,' and it seemed almost cruel that he was not allowed to die on the place he had selected between the bench and the grave. It was not so to be. Here, in this quiet suburban village, beneath whose elm trees shade he had walked about; here, in the ancient town, old Dedham, made classical by having been the birthplace of Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames; here, in sight of the office where he had studied and garnered legal lore of all time; on the threshold of the court-house where he had labored and won his triumphs, it was his lot to die, and to receive at your hands funeral honors."

Of one marked characteristic F. D. Ely, Esq., remarked: "I think Judge Wilkinson had one ch racteristic which peculiarly distinguished him and in a marked degree enhanced his usefulness when he presided in the trial of causes. Other judges have been, and all the judges of the two upper courts of this Commonwealth are, men of great learning, strict impart ality and assiduously devoted to the performance of their duties. But the characteristic of Judge Wilkinson to which I refer was, if I may so term it, an instinct which enabled him very early in the trial of a case to seize upon the real question in issue between the parties, and, having grasped it, to hold it with a master's hand until the case finally went to the jury. In these days of loose pleadings, when it is often impossible to know from the papers in the case what are the real matters in difference between the parties, this ability quickly to apprehend and firmly to hold the real question to be tried, supplied the place of proper pleadings, enabled Judge Wilkinson to hold counsel more strictly within the proper limits of inquiry, to diminish the length of the trial, and finally to largely aid the jury in coming to a just conclusion."

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

The butter market is in an unsettled and unsatisfactory condition, owing to the very high prices ruling in the country, and dealers are in doubt whether to stock up or hold off for a reaction. All are anxious to secure a share of the June make, but they hesitate to pay the prices asked. There are all sorts of opinions about the situation, and among them it is difficult to come to any definite conclusion. A few believe that now is the time to buy, and have already begun extensive operations in the country, exciting the farmers, and paying two to three cents a pound more than the ruling rate here up to Tuesday. Others are buying sparingly, and will not go above a certain figure. Others again hold off entirely, preferring to take their chances on the market a few weeks hence than give the prices now current. The sales here on Monday and Tuesday were at 24 to 25 cents for choice dairy lots and 25 to 27 cents a pound for choice creamery. These were considered full prices until the St. Albans dispatch was received at the Produce Exchange Tuesday afternoon quoting an advance of two cents a pound. The dispatch reads as follows:

"ST. ALBANS, June 6. Butter market active and excited and prices higher. General price 25 to 26 cents; fair to good, 22 to 23 cents; selections, 27 to 28 cents. Shipments to-day about 1,200 tubs."

This of course stopped sales at 24 to 25 cents, but whether the trade will be willing to pay a corresponding advance here is a doubtful matter. In order to get a fair profit choice dairy butter should command in our market 27 to 28 cents a pound in round lots, and 30 cents in a jobbing way. But we think it will be hard to get prices of round lots up to 26 cents this week. Receipts, it is true, have run quite light so far this season, and if there was no prospect of much of an increase parties would be justified in paying extreme prices, but it must be remembered that the season has been backward, that there is now splendid grass feed, and that the high prices will stimulate farmers to make more butter and less cheese during the next month or two. These prices will keep exporters out of the market and leave the entire product for home consumption. Oleomargarine, too, will come into extensive use again, and take the place of second quality butter, so that the chances are that butter will be much more plentiful two or three weeks hence than it is now, and that those who are now buying for cold storage will come to grief. We simply give these views because they are current in the market, and because they appear reasonable. What another week may bring forth remains to be seen. The farmers are justified in getting all they can for their butter, and if they are wise will "make hay while the sun shines."

Cheese has taken an opposite direction from butter, and has eased off a little here and in the country. Choice factory has been selling at 11 to 11 1-2 cents a pound, and for such as is on the market it is hard to get over 11 cents. Receivers are anxious to get rid of their early made stock and will not refuse a reasonable bid. There is still some poor old cheese on hand which it is difficult to move. At Utica and Little Falls, N. Y., on Monday the principal sales were from 9 3 4 to 10 7 8 cents a pound. The Liverpool quotation has eased off to 56 shillings and exporters are indifferent operators. On the whole, the cheese situation is rather weak.

There is no indication of a decline in prices of eggs. Sales on 'Change yesterday were made at 21 to 21 1-2 cents a dozen, and some lots in the outside market sold at 22 cents. The general impression a few weeks ago was that prices would go down to 17 or 18 cents in June, but the tendency is decidedly the other way. The principal cause of the rise here is high prices in New York, where there is an active demand at 23 to 25 cents per dozen. Our market is the lowest on the seaboard.

High prices are likely to rule for potatoes during the remainder of the season. Supplies from Nova Scotia are not coming forward as freely as was expected, and receipts from the country are running much smaller than last year. Last week there was a good demand from Philadelphia, and large quantities were sent in that direction from this market. This week the call from there is not so pressing, but our market is kept pretty well cleared. Rose have been selling at $1.45 to $1.50 per bushel, and other kinds from $1 30 to $1.40, in wholesale lots. In jobbing way, prices range 10 to 15 cents higher.

Pea beans are in better demand and command about five cents a bushel more than a week ago. The best hand picked sold the past two days at $3 80 to $3 85 per bushel, and some holders refuse to take less than $3 90 for large lots. Medium beans have not changed materially, and are still selling to the trade at $3 60 to $3 65 a bushel. Yellow eye beans are moving off in moderate quantities at $3 25 to $3 30 per bushel for the best improved. Canada peas are now meeting with a pretty good sale at $1 10 to $1 15 a bushel for the best quality. Common peas go from 90 cents to $1 a bushel.

Trade in dried apples is not as active as it ought to be at this season, when green apples are almost entirely out of the market. Dealers say they find it hard to sell their Northern or Eastern quartered or sliced at over 6 1-2 cents a pound, though occasionally 7 cents and over can be obtained for fancy lots. Evaporated apples hold at 14 to 15 cents a pound for large lots, with a few fancy brands at 16 and 17 cents. Apples dried by the evaporating process are taken almost wholly by the local trade and their consumption is steadily increasing.

There is a short supply of choice hay and receipts find a ready sale at full prices. The best grades of Eastern and Northern command $21 to $22 per ton, in car loads, and medium grades $17 to $20. Small baled hay, which some time ago was in excess of the demand and sold lower than large baled of the same quality, is now in light supply and wanted. It sells fully as high as the large bales, and in some cases within a week brought higher prices.—*Boston Journal.*

THE DANA CENTRIFUGAL-GOVERNOR Windmill.

This invention fully meets the want—now so urgent and universal—of a self governing wind-engine which will run with uniform velocity, and with an equivalent working power, in all winds from gentle breezes up to brisk gales.

GEARED MILLS A SPECIALTY.

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The Dana Windmill Co., FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

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SEEDS.

SWEET CORN FOR Fodder Crops, —ALSO— HUNGARIAN, ITALIAN AND GOLDEN MILLET. TURNIP SEEDS, all the best varieties. PICKLE CUCUMBER SEED, Lawn Grass Seed.

EVERETT & GLEASON, 34 SOUTH MARKET STREET, 34 BOSTON, MASS.

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HAYING TOOLS

We beg to call the attention of farmers to the following well known Machines, viz.:

CLIPPER MOWERS, WM. ANSON WOOD MOWERS, YANKEE HORSE RAKES, EAGLE HORSE RAKES, GLEANER HORSE RAKES. All of which have a Reputation Unsurpassed by any others.

We are the exclusive agents for their sale in Boston, and offer them, of the latest pattern, for the season of 1882,

At Very Low Prices.

Before you buy, come and see them, or send for descriptive circulars to

EVERETT & SMALL, 43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

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HAYING TOOLS. WALTER A. WOOD MOWER. 40,413 Sold in 1881. MUDGETT HAY TEDDER, With Patent Forks, very Strong and of Light Draft.

NEW CHAMPION RAKE. EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

It has a Patent Tooth that does not scratch and a clearer that packs the windrow and keeps it from rolling and work out at the ends. Will take it back and pay the freight if it does not prove the best Rake in the market.

Patent Drag Rakes, Scythes, Snaths, Stones, Forks, &c. &c.

WHITTEMORE BROS., Agricultural Warehouse & Seed Store, Nos. 80 & 82 South Market St., BOSTON.

je8-1c

HAYING MACHINERY.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

If you are going to want a Mowing Machine, Hay Tedder, Horse Rake, or Hay Loader, don't fail to call on TYLER at 18 South Market, St. He makes Haying Machinery a specialty, and has the best. He sells very low, consequently does but little advertising.

He is selling "Tiger" Wheel Rakes by the thousand. If you doubt the statement, come in, and be convinced. It will cure. He has come to stay. Remember the place. This advertisement is put in for you. Cut it out for reference. He guarantees all his machines to do all that is claimed for them, otherwise refunds your money. It is the place of all others to get your MOWER REPAIRS. Also, KNIVES, SECTIONS and REPAIRS for all machines. It will pay you to call in.

GEO. TYLER, 19 So. Market St., Boston.

je3-2t

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are cursing or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, a feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and swe test breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Then poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer? ap15-y

In

MUSIC BOOKS BY American Composers.

DITSON & CO. publish a large number of books that are purely American in design and composition.

ZENOBIA ($2) is a new Grand Opera, just out. It is by S. G. PRATT. The subject is a noble and heroic one, and the scenes are capable of being made most attractive. Will soon be given, Miss Annie Cary taking the principal role.

DON MUNCIO ($1.50) by DUDLEY BUCK, is a Grand Cantata, founded on a legend of the Crusades.

48TH PSALM ($0 cts) by DUDLEY BUCK, is a favorite.

JOSEPH'S BONDAGE ($1) By CHADWICK.

BELSHAZZAR ($1) By BUTTERFIELD. Are two sacred Cantatas introducing the one Egyptian, and the other Babylonian scenes, with proper costuming, may be made magnificent. The music is good, and either is well worth giving.

NEW FLOWER QUEEN (75 cents.) By GEO. F. ROOT.

PICNIC ($1) By THOMAS. Two Cantatas which are most appropriate to the flower and excursion season.

REDEMPTION HYMN (30 cents.) By C. D. PARKER, will be most acceptable to choirs and choruses.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

je10-tc

Progress is making steadily on the new repression bill in the British House of Commons, the first and second clauses having been passed, the latter by an unanimous vote. Mr. Gladstone made the statement, during one of the sittings, that none of the Irish judges had resigned on account of the repression bill.

— The attack — for such it is styled — on Beaconsfield by Goldwin Smith, in the last number of the Nineteenth Century, is severely condemned in the London journals.

— Now that we are fairly entered upon summer, the sagacious coal-dealers think it a good time to advance the price of coal

VEGETINE.—This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it.

— Eleven of the employ'ees of Jordan, Marsh & Co., drew prizes of a trip to Europe, the other day, the fortunate ones to have all the expenses of their trip paid by the firm.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIRS.—I have been taking Hop Bitters to inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.
W. L. CARTER.

— President Rogers, of the Institute of Technology, was one of the pioneers of the scientific method.

☞ If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to a word of advice—
"Try Whoa! Bitters."

— Walt Whitman, the publication of whose poems has recently been prohibited in Massachusetts, has just passed his sixty third birthday.

LABOR SAVING.—The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy.—*Buffalo News.*

— The summer hotels are out with their annual announcements, but they find the season a good deal later than it was last year.

DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. For all druggists.

— Mr. William C. Binney, of Amesbury, Mass., and a prominent member of the Essex bar, died last week at the age of fifty-nine years.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

NEW BOOKS

Published This Day:

An English Daisy Miller.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, author of "The Neptune Vase," etc. 1 vol., 16mo. cloth, 40 cents.

"It is a woman who makes the latest attack upon the sentimental attributed to Mr. Henry James, Jr., by thin-skinned Yankees, and in order that there may be no mistake about her intentions, she calls her book "An English Daisy Miller," and makes her little heroine misbehave herself quite as badly as her prototype."—*Budget.*

Brought to Bay.

A Novel of absorbing interest. By E. R. ROE. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, $ .25.

The scenes are laid upon the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The time is one of historic interest. The characters are the homely lovers and philosophers of hardy Western life at the beginning of the present century.

The Epoch of Reform.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. This forms one of the volumes of "Epochs of Modern History," and covers the transition period of English History, during which the representative system in Parliament and the Constitutional system in Monarchy became settled institutions. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, $1.

Coues' Check-List of North American Birds.

With Dictionary of the Etymology, Orthography and Orthoepy of the Scientific Names. Indispensable to every Ornithologist. 1 vol. royal 8vo, $5.

Paddle and Portage,

From Moosehead Lake to the Aroostook River, Maine.

By T. S. Steele, author of "Canoe and Camera." 1 vol. Crown 8vo, cloth, $1 50.

This journey of over four hundred miles through the forest of Maine to New Brunswick is one of the grandest and most successful explorations of the year of that wild region.

Any book sent, postpaid, on receipt of the price by the publishers.

ESTES & LAURIAT, 299, 301, 303, 305 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

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FRUIT EVAPORATING,

IT WILL PAY ANY FRUIT GROWER to send for a 32-page Treatise on Evaporating Fruits, Vegetables, Berries, etc. Sent to all who send P. O. address, and mention this paper. Samples mailed for 10c. HENRY MERRILL, West Newbury, Mass. je10-1t

Wanted,

A GOOD Christian home for a boy 14 years of age, where he can have a chance to learn farming and attend school winters. Address

J. G. C., Boston, Box 5246.

Patent Drag Rakes, Scythes, Snaths, Stones, Forks, &c. &c.

WHITTEMORE BROS., Agricultural Warehouse & Seed Store, Nos. 80 & 82 South Market St., BOSTON.

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Queen of the South HORSE FARM MILLS

For Stock Feed or Meal for Family use.

10,000 IN USE.

Send for Circular. Simpson & Gault Mf'g Co. Successors to STRAUB MILL CO. CINCINNATI, O.

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BOWKER'S HILL AND DRILL PHOSPHATE

SEND FOR PAMPHLET 1882.

This is a true bone superphosphate, and may be used on *any crop*, in the hill or drill, for broadcast, either *with or without* manure. As its name indicates, it can be used in the hill or the drill to give crops a vigorous start, and to improve the quality and stand of grain, or the quality and yield of potatoes, vegetables, corn, etc. The past year we have sold 21,800 tons of Fertilizer, against 1,000 tons in 1876. Our sales are steadily increased by the farmers. Buy the best, and of the most reliable parties. If there is no local agent near you, send to us. Pamphlets mailed free.

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LEXINGTON, MASS.,

The First Battle-Ground of the Revolution.

A beautiful suburban home, half hour from Boston. Gardens, farms, purest water in New England. Fine sidewalks, best schools, active churches, free library, summer resort.

The subscriber having had an experience of fifty years in the disposal of real estate in Boston and vicinity, and for the past two seasons been successful in sales of farms and country seats, the old Bullen Ground in the town, offers his services in that capacity to the public, having at his disposal in the centre and in the outskirts a large number of first-class residences, as well as farms, ranging in prices from $2000 to $12, 000 each.

Residence—Old Parsonage, formerly occupied by Rev. Jonas Clark, opposite Old Battle-Ground.

JAMES GOULD.

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Patent Channel Can Creamery.

Deep setting perfected. Will get all the cream without ice. Includes a perfect refrigerator. Cans are sold without boxes, and furnished with glass gauges when requested. Special attention given to fitting out large cream'eries. One cream'ery at wholesale, where I have no agents. Agents wanted. Send for circular.

W. E. LELOUP, Warren, Mass.

Farm for Sale,

IN HARVARD, MASS.

The well-known highly productive Farm, formerly occupied by the late AUGUSTUS J. SAWYER, containing fifty-five acres of as good land as lies in Harvard and well fenced; situated in the most desirable part of the town, is now offered for sale. Buildings sufficiently large and in good repair. Good spring water conveyed to the buildings by Aqueduct. Abundance of fruit, consisting of Apples, Pears, Peaches, Cherries and a Grapery sufficient to produce several tons of Grapes. This place is situated about one mile from the centre of Harvard where there are Churches, Stores and Schools. Beautiful Rural scenery in a flourishing condition. This place will be sold soon and somebody is going to get a bargain.

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From its GRE

The Poet's Corner.

ROSE-GERARDIA.

BY JOHN ALBEE.

On my small farm, where rocks and weeds contend
Which shall possess the more its barreneess,
In spring, among the very earliest flowers,
Almost untimely, is the saxifrage—
The season's dear, though humble, harbinger,
Rearing on fragile stem its clustered head,
Between the seams of rocks, by east winds blown,
And with a feeble root and few low leaves,
As if it needed neither earth nor sun,
But grew by that exhilarating sense
Of winter past and far-off breath of spring
That likewise man, by his own tokens, knows.

But when all summer's lush and favored flowers,
Fed on the highest suns and richest dews,
Rooted in mellow soil and sheltered nooks,
Are blighted in the year's autumnal change,
Then once again in thin, unfertile lands,
Along the beach-side and the meadow mange,
The rose-gerardia swings its little bell
And will not let the season go too soon.
Its very leaves do deprecate the frost,
Already brown, so not to tempt his touch,
And as the thought of spring, and not spring's self,
Drew from its crevices along the ledge,
The sweet, pressging herald, saxifrage,—
So, now, the latest flower at autumn's end
Grows by the memory of summer days,
Dreams of the rose, and blushes at its dreams.
—The Century, for June.

Ladies' Department.

THE LEGEND OF GORIE GRANGE.

[The Argosy.]

I am not superstitutions, and I flatter myself that I am not weak-minded; in fact, I do not believe that I am deficient in either moral or physical courage. Show me my foe, and I am always ready and willing to grapple him. Still, there is with most of us, I fancy, a shrinking from anything supernatural, and I am not altogether free from the feeling myself. Yet I would have you to understand that I am not a bit of a coward. I wish more especially to impress this upon your minds. I am not a coward—I repeat it; but I am short.

Yes, I must confess it, I am altogether a small man, and therefore, although my courage is of the best quality, I am placed sometimes at an unfair disadvantage.

However, what I lack in size I make up for in conversation. Every one knows Anthony Hare is a great talker. Without being conceited, I believe I may say with truth that I am a most amusing little man, and a favorite in society.

I am not a rich man, neither am I a very poor one. What I have is a certainty; besides which I have prospects.

My three paternal aunts are very fond of me. I am their only masculine relation, and in consequence they think a good deal of me. They are cheery old damsels, above middle age, marvels of juvenility in dress and manners, and sprightly as kittens.

They resided, generally, in an old red-brick house which they had inherited from their mother's family, and which had, like most old country houses, a legend attached to it. But to unravel the truth of the story was more than my aunts had been able to do, there were so many varieties in its telling. It ran something to this effect:

The great-great maternal grandfather of these old ladies had owned property in the West Indies, and when returning to England he brought home with him a negro servant, and went down into Blankshire to reside in the very red-brick house now inhabited by the Miss Hares—Gorie Grange.

It was said that their great-great-grandfather, whose name was Rowe, had brought home with him untold wealth, but his style of living certainly proclaimed no such thing.

It was, moreover, asserted that the negro was a miser, and had hidden his money bags where he believed no one would think of looking for them, but that his servant, with a black man's cunning, had ferreted out the secret. These money bags were much talked of in the neighborhood, but no signs of wealth became visible in Mr. Rowe's mode of life.

He had chosen his own rooms in a wing which was almost detached from the rest of the house, and there he lived a most isolated life. No visitors were invited to the Grange, and the old man had only his servant Sambo and an ancient housekeeper to wait upon him.

Mr. Rowe was about seventy years of age, and had for many years been a widower. His only son he had left attending to his West Indian property, so he might almost be said to be alone in the world.

One morning, about twelve months after Mr. Rowe's arrival at the Grange, finding that her master did not come down to breakfast, and seeing nothing of Sambo, the antiquated housekeeper crawled up the stairs, as well as her "rheumatics" would let her, and tapped at Mr. Rowe's bedroom door. There was no reply.

Again and again she knocked, but with no result, and then she essayed to open the door. To her surprise it yielded at once, and as she had used some force, expecting resistance, she went in much more quickly than was at all comfortable to her rheumatic limbs, and fell heavily against the bottom of the four-post oaken bedstead, which filled up a large space in the room.

Whether she was stunned she hardly knew; but as she lay there, unable to rise, a great horror came upon her. She felt that she was in the presence of a terrible scene, and yet she had not the sense to understand it, or take it wholly in.

She crept from the room like a stricken animal, never attempting to rise, but crawling away, looking back over her shoulder from time to time as if she feared to be followed by—something. In this way she must have regained her kitchen, for there the gardener found her some hours later, crouching up before the dying embers of the fire, crouching almost against the bars of the grate. He shook her by the shoulder, and she started violently, and began to shiver. That some deed of horror had been enacted in the house he at once perceived, but of what nature he could not gather from the terror-stricken old woman.

He went away and obtained assistance. The report that a tragedy had taken place at Gorie Grange soon spread, and as the more horrible has great powers of attractions, the gardener quickly found volunteers in plenty to accompany him in his voyage of discovery round the old house.

In Mr. Rowe's bedroom a dreadful sight met their view. The old man was lying on the floor with his throat cut. From all appearances, the fearful act must have been committed while he was in bed, probably when he was asleep, but it had failed to kill him at once. The old man was powerful and not easily subdued, nor easily killed. To judge by the disturbed state of the room, even after he had received his death-wound there had been a severe struggle.

That Mr. Rowe had been murdered seemed certain, and so the inquest pronounced. Some few there were who averred a belief that he had committed suicide, but all the evidence, medical and otherwise, pointed to murder. The old housekeeper told what little she knew, and little indeed that was, as we have already seen.

One of the most strange features of the case was that Sambo had never been seen or heard of after this shocking event had taken place, and neither dead or alive was he to be found. Had he killed his master and absconded with his gold, or had he shared the same fate? If so, what had become of him?

The police were not then what the police are now. Still they appeared to do their utmost to find a clue to the mystery, but without success; and from that time only the legend was left of the great-great maternal grandfather of my aunts.

Mr. Rowe's son in the West Indies never came home at all, and Gorie Grange was shut up. Years afterward his son claimed the property, and no one appeared to have any desire to dispute his right to it. In due course he settled there, but from what I can learn the wing where the tragedy had been enacted had been used by him only as lumber rooms. Whether this was in consequence of the ghastly story attached to them or whether he had plenty of rooms without them I cannot say.

This gentleman was the grandfather of my three aunts, and he had no sons. He left the place to his only daughter, and from her (their own mother) the Miss Hares had inherited it, with the legend attached thereto. But the effects of such stories wane with age, and my aunts thought and cared little about their great-great-grandfather, and probably gave small credence to the blood-stained tale.

So long as their mother lived (and a very long time that was) there was no talk of awakening the echoes of those unused rooms, shut off as they were from the rest of the house.

The old four-post bedstead still stood there. It was too massive to decay, and too handsome to destroy, with its rich and rare carving, and too unwieldly to move; so they left it alone. My aunts had lived much at the Grange, and a little in London. I had spent a portion of my time with them yearly, in one place or the other, but I gave the preference to their cosy London residence, small though it was.

As I have said before, I was a favorite with my aunts; I did my best to amuse them, and I suppose I succeeded. I was what is commonly, but surely erroneously, called "an idle man." And yet no man could be more busy.

What is it I do? Well, really, the things are so numerous that I cannot exactly say. But one fact I will mention. I never have a moment to call my own. And yet every one dubs me "an idle man." It is a little annoying, but it can't be helped, I suppose, as I cannot proclaim that I am a baker, or a butcher, or a lawyer, or a clerk in the Admiralty, or that I belong to any other definite trade or profession.

My aunts, however, seem rather proud of the fact, and the dear old souls set to work, as soon as the Grange became their property, to give me a home with them. I knew nothing about it at all; but they sent for painters, plasterers, and whitewashers, who were followed by decorators and upholsterers, and the discarded wing was restored and refurnished.

There was only one article of the furniture left, and that was the large ancient bedstead. Its carving was so beautiful that they thought I should like to retain it. It looked like one of the old state bedsteads from Hampton Court stranded among the pretty modern furniture. The suit of rooms—three in number—was prepared for me. I knew I ought to be grateful to my aunts for their kindness, and yet I must confess I felt uncomfortable.

First, I preferred being my own master; secondly, I hated the country. Lamp-posts were far more congenial to my taste than trees, pavements to green fields and muddy lanes. And thirdly, as the door of communication with the old wing closed after me with a spring, the story of the murder (which I had not thought of for years) rushed into my mind with all the horrors crowding to it and thick one upon the other.

But there stood my smiling aunts, and what could I say except how kind this surprise of theirs was, and how pretty I thought all the things they had selected for my use and how little I deserved all they had done for me. I made my small speech cheerfully, but there was a dull weight at my heart. I did not like at all being the first sleeper in the new apartments. I vowed to myself that at least that spring door should not close me in. I would drive a staple into the wall and fasten it back—a fact I accomplished before bed-time; after which I felt happier.

I took great pains to prevent my aunts fancying that I had any dislike to my new quarters. In fact, as the evening wore on, I had almost ceased to think about it. I ate one more of their best wine from the cellar in honor of the occasion, and I drank freely. Never was I more brilliant. I kept them, and a few friends whom they had invited to meet me, in constant roars of laughter. I made myself agreeable and amusing to all, as I can do when I like. The dinner and evening both were a success.

Some of the departing guests of the sterner sex prepared themselves for a cold drive by a glass of hot brandy and water, in which I joined them. After they had all gone I took just one more "nightcap," kissed my aunts all round, and amid their reiterated kind wishes that I might have a good night and be comfortable, etc., I lighted my candle and went off to my solitary wing.

I looked at the door of communication and saw, to my satisfaction, that it was fastened back quite safely. "If it had been opened thus the night that the poor old man was murdered," I thought, "his screams could easily have been heard all over the house." And then I went in, locked the door and shut the door. A fire was burning in the grate and the window curtains were closed. Now, if there is one thing I dislike, it is to sleep in a darkened room. In strange houses I often indulge in a night-light, but on this occasion I had not one. So I went to the window, opened the curtains, drew up the blind, and looked out into the night, and was met with joy the promise of a rising moon. I inspected the furniture of my room minutely.

The bed was some distance from the wall, a fact which I thought might be attributable to the skirting board, which projected. I examined the old carving upon the bedstead, and acknowledged it to be beautiful. Still, however, I wished it out of the room, for surely it had seen the deed of blood which had been committed there.

It was the only witness left, but there it stood, silent and sombre, as though the scene was unforgotten which had taken place so long ago—so long ago.

I had no desire to hasten to bed. It reminded me of a large coffin and hearse. But my candles were burning low, and there was nothing for it but to hurry between the sheets. Once there, sleep soon fell upon me and thought was obliterated.

How long I slept I know not, but suddenly a sensation of horror overcame me. I felt as though I were chained to the spot; spell-bound; unable to move hand or foot. The moon was shining with a cold white light into the room; it fell upon the lower curtains of my bed, making them seem like spectres. It gleamed with an unearthly whiteness across the bed itself, and from thence across the room, glancing upon the white panels of the door; I was constrained to follow its course, and observe upon what it shone.

Nothing but the door; I could see its gilt beadings. Nothing but the door. Still it had a horrible fascination for me, and I watched it, though I strove with all my might to look away. I could not. All my senses were centered upon it; it enchanted me—it drew me. By degrees I sat up, my eyes riveted upon it. Great Heaven! was my fancy? was I going mad?

It opened—slowly; how slowly and stealthily! ° ° ° I was in agony.

I clutched at the bed-clothes with my clammy, death-cold hands; great drops of sweat broke out upon my brow. The moon shone in, whiter and more coldly than ever, and from behind the door cautiously there peered—the face of a black man.

He rolled his large eyes around the room, and the moon shimmered upon them as they turned round and round in their sockets, and at last fastened themselves on me with a demoniac glare.

Never have I suffered as at that moment. I strove to scream—it was in vain; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could utter no sound.

His hand crept round the door, and gleamed there in the moonlight with a cruel flash, I saw a long slender knife. Still I could not speak.

He entered the room; a large, powerful negro. He turned his back to me and noiselessly closed the door. I made a superhuman effort; I struggled to free myself from the fearful terror which rendered me powerless to save my life. I sprang from the bed, thanking God there was room for me behind it, and my awful visitor advanced in the moonlight as I crept yet closer against the wall. I could see him between the curtains. He had noticed that I had deserted the bed.

He stood beside it, and a cruel laugh broke from him; his white ferocious teeth glistening like those of a wild beast. His eye-balls seemed to emit fire. With a devlish chuckle he raised his knife and brought it down suddenly into the shadow where I had lain.

A cold shiver ran through me; my teeth chattered in my head; my knees shook under me. Nothing but my intense fear and an instinct of self preservation prevented me from fainting. He drew out his dagger-like knife, and looked upon it eagerly for my life-blood—it was not there. He crouched like a tiger about to spring upon his victim, a wild beast baulked of his prey; his breath came thick and hot and furious; it rose like steam from his dilated nostrils. I watched him; I could not help it; I felt I must see what he was about, even if it cost me my life.

Suddenly he discovered me, and crept after me with a cat-like movement behind the bed. As he followed me I moved on, hiding by turns behind the curtains. We both kept stopping to look where the other was, and each time, between the curtains, I met his cruel rolling eyes and his demoniacal grin.

He was gaining upon me! I never staid to look at him now, and yet I could see the horrible gleam of his eyes and teeth as he rushed on through the moonlight. I could feel his breath upon my neck as he pressed after me more closely. On I sped for my life, faster, faster, faster. The whole room seemed to be whirling round, and everything in it, and I could go no quicker; yet I knew that he gained upon me. I flung up my eyes wildly; I saw the flash and gleam of his upraised knife; I felt that it was descending—I shut my eyes that I might not see it—but I could utter no sound. It fell with a cruel, sharp, sudden pain, and I sprang forward with a fearful, prolonged yell.

My screams resounded through the old house, scream upon scream, awaking my aunts and the servants from sound slumber into terrified consciousness. They huddled together in groups of peculiar, if not picturesque, costumes, and still my unearthly screams fell upon their ears. They armed themselves with pokers and other fire-arms, the butler manfully taking the leading with a loaded revolver.

Thus this motley crew entered my room. I was screaming still sitting up in bed, staring in front of me with dilated terrified eyes. The women servants who carried lamps raised them, and they looked at me. The unusual noise and the moving lights quickly aroused me, together with my aunts' voices.

"Tony, Tony!" they exclaimed, "what is the matter? What have you seen?"

"Matter enough," I replied foolishly. "I have seen Sambo's ghost!"

The woman servants shrank closer together, and shivered, and all present exchanged uncomfortable glances, while the butler, finding his enemy could not be reached with powder and shot, showed no inclination to remain in the ghostly precincts.

As I looked at the rampant curl papers of my aunts, a sense of the ludierous overcame me, and I began to laugh.

"Poor dear, he is quite hysterical," cried one of them anxiously. "You shall never sleep here again, Tony, be sure of that."

But I couldn't help laughing still, for the curl papers were so animated.

Nothing would persuade the dear old ladies but that I should be very ill, and they hustled me into a dressing-gown, and hurried me ont of the room to a snug little box near their own, where my clothes were deposited by the butler, who could not, however, be induced to go back for my razors and brushes which he had forgotten, but promised to fetch them in the morning.

The door of communication with the haunted wing was locked and bolted, and those who had been returned to them, while I rolled myself up in my railway rug, and finished my night in an easy chair.

I have told you before that I am not a coward, and I should have had no objection to resume my sleep on the old oak bedstead. But my aunts were obdurate; they would not permit it.

The next morning, at breakfast, my eldest aunt began. "Anthony we're going to pull it down."

"Pull it down?" I repeated; "pull what down, Aunt Jem?"

"Why, the wing, to be sure—what else?"

"Pull down the wing?" I echoed aghast; "just after having it all so beautifully done up—and for me, too! Oh, nonsense, my dear aunt; what is the matter with it?"

"My dear Anthony, it shan't stand one brick upon another after what happened last night."

"Well, and what did happen, do you think?"

"You saw—oh, I can't bear to speak of it, it is too dreadful—and I never believed in it; really I never did."

"Believe in what?" I questioned.

"Why, in the legend attached to this house."

"Nor have I," I replied, quietly, "and never will."

"What! not after seeing it?" cried all my aunts in a breath.

"I did nothing of the kind, my dear aunts. It was a dream; nothing but a night mare, I can assure you. I ate veal for dinner, and it never agrees with my digestion. Don't give it to me again, and I shall be no more of my friend Sambo. He is a ferocious-looking fellow, and once was quite enough, I can tell you."

But all I could say was of no avail. Another bed-room was prepared for me, and orders were that very day issued for the destruction of the old wing, which had held its own ago nat time and tradition so long. I continued to remonstrate. It seemed such a pity to pull down the place because I had dreamed that Sambo had paid me a visit; and so I told my aunts.

"You may call it a dream, Tony," said Aunt Jem, solemnly, "but we consider it a vision. It ought to have been razed to the ground long and long since."

What was to be done with the bedstead and all its wonderful old carving? I begged that it might be preserved, it was so handsome. It would make into a splendid sideboard, book-shelves and dinner-wagons. But my aunts were resolute. If the story were true at all, the murder had been committed on that very bed; it should be burned. They had kept it, believing the story was a romance; but now they had changed their opinion, and nothing should remain connected with that deed of blood. I felt a sort of pity for the noble bedstead, and for the old rooms, too, since it was through me they were to be demolished.

The modern furniture had been removed to the other part of the house, and the work of destruction was about to begin. I felt constrained to go and look on at it. I found the workmen were already roughly pulling down the royal old bedstead. I should have liked to save it even now, but I could hit upon no plan to induce my aunts to change their rather strong minds.

One of the posts fell heavily, and the whole fabric came down with a great crash, falling partly against the wall and the projecting skirting-board. I noticed a sharp click, and wondered what it could be, but amid the noise of the falling oak it was not heeded by the workmen. When the wreck of the bedstead was removed, I saw that the slanting skirting-board had shifted, and pointed it out to one of the men.

They gathered round and examined it, seemingly much puzzled; for the board had a concealed spring which had been burst open from the sudden concussion. The builder, after looking at it for a few moments in silence, carelessly replaced the skirting-board, saying there was nothing to stare at in that.

But when the old bedstead was safely out of the way, he ordered the men to continue their work in the division elsewhere, and then he came and touched me on the arm.

"Is there any truth, sir, in the tale that people tell about the murder of an old miser in this room?"

"You have asked a question I cannot answer," I replied. "My aunts' great-great-grandfather, Mr. Rowe, is said to have been murdered here by his negro servant, and because I dreamed I saw Sambo the other night my dear old aunts will pull the place down."

"Perhaps they are right, sir," answered the builder. "Have you any objection to telling me all you have heard about the murder?"

"Not in the least, if you really care to hear such rubbish." And I told him in as few words as I could.

"And now, sir, would you think me impertinent if I beg you to tell me your dream?"

I was rather amused at the request, but I did as he asked me.

He listened attentively, then regarded me gravely. "That was no dream, sir; there is more in this than you seem to think. I should not be surprised if we come upon something in pulling down this wing. At any rate I should like to work out the meaning of this spring in the skirting-board."

"All right," I laughed. "Do as you like, and I'll not play."

The builder lay down upon the floor, removed the board, and peered in; after a few moments he glanced sharply round the room, and his eyes rested on a cupboard.

He at once rose and went to it; opening door, he remarked, quietly:

"Ah! I thought as much."

I followed him and looked over his shoulder. The back of the cupboard had swung round and there was a narrow passage beyond. We both gazed eagerly into it, but it was dark as night.

"We must have a lantern," he said, and I offered to fetch one, an offer which he accepted, and remained on guard at the door. I was absent before I returned, for a lantern could not at first be found. When I did he was still waiting by the cupboard.

We crept along the narrow passage, he leading the way with the light. The air was damp and offensive.

"Let us get out of this horrid hole," I gasped, hardly able to breathe in the close, foul atmosphere.

The passage, which had been so narrow as barely to admit our shoulders, now turned two ways. One down some steep steps, and the other up some scarcely less steep. We therefore descended, slowly, for it was very slippery. We were brought up suddenly by a thick clamped door in the wall.

"This has been a secret entrance, evidently," said the builder; "but the bars are rusted in and the key is gone."

"I have never noticed it from the outside," I answered.

"It is covered with ivy centuries old," he replied, quietly. "You would not be likely to see it, but I am not surprised to find it there."

"You seem surprised at nothing," I remarked rather testily, for the man's calm superiority of manner irritated me.

"I certainly suspected there was a passage there; I will tell you why when I can breathe better, sir. Will you kindly take the lantern? You will have to lead now; there is not room for me to pass you."

I had to do as I was requested; there was no choice in the matter; but I confess I preferred the builder's being in front; he was twice my size, and therefore it seemed more fitting that he should be the leader.

"Shall we go back?" I asked. I am stifled."

"We had better go up the steps," he replied; and I could not refuse.

At the top of them was quite a little lobby, and I felt glad to get out of the narrow passage; so I stepped on quickly without looking where I went. My feet caught in something on the ground, and I nearly fell down; the lantern came in contact with the wall and was extinguished. It was horrible to be thus shut up in the dark in a place worse than the worst of dungeons, and I felt as sick as death.

"Have you dropped the lantern?" asked the builder, quietly. "It will be bad travelling back without it, but I suppose I must try."

"For heaven's sake don't leave me in this forsaken place! I cried.

"Try and find the lantern then, sir; I will strike a match."

He did so, and held it up; I groped for the lantern in the dim light it shed, and clasped something; I raised it toward the match.

"Great heavens!" I screamed, "what is it?"

But before he could distinguish what I held in my hand the flickering match had burned out. I had seen it, and let it drop in horror. It was a human skull.

I remembered nothing more for some time. When I recovered my senses the lantern was again alight, and I was still in the horrible dark dungeon. The builder was examining an iron safe which was fitted into a niche in the wall; the lid was open, and it was filled with golden coins; many of them were scattered upon the loathsome floor, and the hands of the skeleton lying there seemed to be grasping them, even in death, to judge by the bent, clutching fingers. The key was in the iron safe, but it would not turn; it was rusted in the lock.

"For mercy's sake, let us get out," I murmured.

He looked at me keenly, and then took up the lantern and led the way back. I followed him as quickly as the trembling of my limbs would permit me, and at length I stood in the light of day again, and felt thankful.

"We had better not close this yet," my companion said; we might find it less easy to open another time. I suppose we can lock the door of the room, sir?"

I gladly gave consent, and took the builder into the library to talk over what we had found and seen; but before I spoke a word I rang for brandy. I drank a glass down without water; the builder diluted his and sipped it slowly.

I looked at him with interest. He was a stranger to me. I found him to be a shrewd Scotchman, reserved and grave in manner, a firm believer in spirits and in all things ghostly.

He had noted that the measurements of the rooms, when added together, did not tally with the external measurements of the house; and he had pondered over the problem, and come to the conclusion there must be either a room bricked up there or a secret passage; but as it was no business of his, he had not mentioned his thoughts to any one.

When, however, he was ordered to pull down the wing and demolish his own just finished work and the spring panel had come to light, he had considered it his duty to do what he had done. This he told me in a few straightforward words.

"The money must be removed before the men begin their work," he said. "They had better know nothing about it, sir."

"Will to be pointed to keep it from their knowledge?" I answered. "We must send for the police, I suppose."

"I should advise you to do nothing of the kind, sir. The story would be all over the country in less than a week, and your aunts would never fancy their home again. My doctor wants a skeleton; you can let him have this one. Were I in your place, I should not tell the Miss Hares anything about it."

"But, my good fellow, all that accursed gold is theirs, not mine; they must be told."

"About the gold, yes; but about the bones, no, sir. The gold is good enough; that won't hurt them."

"Unless they are murdered for it, as their great-great-grandfather was," I put in.

"Perhaps don't keep their money by them very often now," said the builder. "They will, of course, invest it. Still, to my mind, the less said about it the better."

"Mr. Macdonald," I asked, turning to him, "do you think that is the skeleton of my old ancestor's murderer?"

"Undoubtedly I do," he replied.

"Then how was he shut in there to die?"

"I have thought over that," he answered calmly. "I should fancy the murderer had left his victim for dead and gone after the coveted gold. The old man, however, was still alive, and seeing the door leading to his treasure open, his ruling passion was strong in death, and he managed to drag himself to the cupboard to shut it, taking the knife with him for protection against some dreaded foe. Or he may have known that his servant was in there stealing his money, and shut him in out of revenge. Whichever way it was, Sambo supposed his master to be dead or he would not have gone down that passage with the chance of being shut in."

"How do you know it is Sambo?" I asked, curiously. "you speak as though you were certain upon the subject."

"I am," he replied, gravely. "Have you forgotten your vision?"

"Vision!" I answered; "it was the nightmare; nothing else, I assure you, I had eaten veal, and it never agrees with me."

McDonald smiled quietly.

"Call it what you please, sir; it makes no difference."

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Well, there is not much more to tell.

The doctor was taken into our confidence, and came by night for Sambo's bones. I saw them afterward in a carved oaken case in his surgery.

"Why, I declare this is some of the old bedstead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, laughing. "I saw them burning it, and begged some bits of the workmen. I only wish I had come sooner, I would have had more; and then the idea struck me to have it made into a house for Mr. Sambo."

"This is a queer world," I murmured.

"The very bed he murdered the poor old man on has become the wretch's own coffin at last."

"Retribution, my dear sir, no doubt. It is sure to follow some time or other. It makes us more moralists, doesn't it?"

I looked at the doctor, and more than half thought he was quizzing me, but I could not be sure. He was one of those men you could never tell whether he was in earnest or not.

Mr. McDonald and I, of course, told my aunts of the wonderful find. Fifty thousand pounds, all in gold. They were of course delighted, and believed to the day of their deaths that Sambo had appeared to tell me of the hidden treasure.

A thousand pounds they presented to the builder for his help and assistance, much to his surprise and gratification, for, to do the honest fellow justice, he did not expect any reward. He had acted only as he thought right.

Ten thousand pounds they invested in my name, and the same amount was settled on each of themselves. With the remainder they built and endowed some almshouses, which they named "The Rowe Charity."

The old wing was leveled to the ground. The bricks were carted away, and no more has ever been heard of Sambo.

Still, I say now, as I said then, I do not believe in ghosts, and my nocturnal visitor was nothing more nor less than a veal-begotten dream.

STRANGE WEDDING FEES.

We knew a clergyman who once received from a wealthy groomsman a bright penny, inclosed in a dozen wrappers. He always persisted in believing that the intention was to give him a twenty-dollar gold piece. We were not so credulous.

A clergyman who was formerly located in Hartford, Conn., but now in New York, married, not long ago, a couple who at once started for Europe. The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself before the bridal altar he placed a one hundred dollar greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for his marriage-fee, and did pay it to him as he supposed.

While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination which he had donated to the clergyman by mistake.

On getting back to this country, he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, who did not recognize him, and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor; "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he married, and said that he would, of course, gratify him since he was so anxious to know.

"I received," he then went on to say, "a very small quantity of fine-chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper."

That was enough. The only thing remaining to be done was to apologise for the curious blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one hundred dollar deposit good.

An old uncle once brought his niece to a rectory, on a cold, rainy day, to be married, and then, after the ceremony was over, tumbled about for a two dollar bill, and, not being able to find it, said, as he handed the parson a five dollar bill;

"Take the change out of that for a two dollar job. It's kind o' wet and cold like to-day, and I guess two dollars will be about the thing."

Of course the amount of a marriage fee is a delicate question, which the clergymen are generally too modest to determine, much more to ask; but we never heard it disposed of so neatly as this:

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown.

The Quaker, astounded at the demand, said if he would show him any text in the Scriptures which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it to him.

Upon which the vicar directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, and 4th verse, where it said: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

THE PAINTER'S STORY.

My father was a country gentleman with a large family, but a tolerable estate. I was the youngest son. My eldest brother was to be my father's successor, and the others were handsomely started in the world in different professions. As for me, nobody seemed to think what was to be my lot; I was my mother's pet, and that was sufficient. I was not the strongest boy in the world, and so my idleness, as they called it, was forgiven or unheeded.

One day my father called me into the library and told me of his intention to send me to school a long way off. This intelligence was anything but pleasing, and the time to leave my home broke painfully upon me. I thought then, on parting with my mother, that my heart would break. I went, and I never saw her more. Sometimes even now the memory of her dear face comes back to me in my manhood, and I wish that I were a boy again.

After my mother's death, I seldom went home for the holidays; indeed, the place seemed so much changed I should not have cared to do so had my inclination been consulted. Five years passed away, and they said my education was completed, and then I returned to the old hall. My father was now almost confined entirely to his room; my eldest brother was devoted to field sports, and the others were out in the world. They never spoke of any after pursuit for me, and when I named the subject they avoided it.

At length my father died, and then it was discovered that the property was a mere wreck, but that such as remained descended wholly to the eldest son. A month afterward I found myself with twenty guineas in my pocket, but without a profession and almost without a friend, in furnished lodgings, in a busy city.

Despite the apparent frowns of Fortune, a buoyant spirit of hope sustained me. I had hitherto cultivated the practice of my pencil for pleasure only; I now looked to it as a means of living. I advertised in the daily papers, and taught drawing and perspective.

One of my first pupils was Laura Temple. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. I saw her three times a week. She received that number of lessons. But oh! had my eyes but once encountered hers, I should have loved her still for ever!

Her features, cast in classic mould, her face almost pale as Parian marble, her rich brown hair drawn back in Grecian bands, and her large hazel eyes full of love and tenderness and sympathy with all the world, she seemed "a very form to idolize and love."

I had many difficulties now to encounter, as who that, without patronage or means, making art or literature a profession, has not? But the greatest trial of all was braving continual attendance on the beautiful Laura, and withholding the secret of my heart.

A keen sense of honor restrained me. What right had I, a poor and struggling artist, to aspire to the hand of one in wealth, if not in rank, so far above me? It would have been a bad return for the trust and confidence her father reposed in me. We were both young, and our tastes and sentiments assimilated.

One day I heard that she was about to be married. What else could I expect? And yet I would not believe it. I was restless and perturbed, and my pencil was thrown aside.

I went again to her home, and I was introduced to a gentleman-like white-haired old man. I could not but learn he was Laura's destined husband. I quitted the house abruptly. I was mad. I did not go again; and for a few days they sent to make inquiry for me. I was ill, and I would not be seen. I must give up my lessons. I was going into the country.

A few weeks and I knew that she was a wife. I hated her father and her husband; I almost hated her. The world was to my jaundiced eyes a congregation of villainy, and, filled with misanthropy, I started for the North on a long pedestrian tour.

Time and travel modified my feelings and opinions. I argued with myself more reasonably, and I resolved to return to the city and there resume the practice of my profession. My old lodgings in Newman street were again to let; I wrote for and reoccupied them.

Two years rolled by, and I was still struggling for a position. I had hitherto abstained from asking the assistance of any member of my family, and I resolved to remain so far independent. It is true I was often pressed even for the exigencies of the moment, and my best sketches were sold to the dealers for the most trifling sums; but I still toiled on—still hoped on. Though my sanguine temperament was more subdued now than it used to be, I could not forget her.

I was painting one morning in my rooms, when a carriage was driven to the door of the house in which I resided, and the unusual sound drew me to the window.

A lady alighted in deep mourning. She was so young, so pale, and yet withal so beautiful, I thought I had never seen the like before.

A moment only and the blood rushed to my heart and her name started to my lips—it was Laura.

She told me that she had lost her father now almost a year; that she had no portrait of him in his age, and that she had sought me out to paint her one from memory. I was the only artist of their acquaintance who could have known him well.

I do not know what I said, but I expressed my readiness to undertake the commission, while I endeavored to give utterance to the sympathy I felt.

"My poor father's loss is not the only one I have borne these last two years. My husband—"

For the first time I saw that she was in widow's weeds.

I started involuntarily, and some sort of exclamation burst from my lips, for it slightly checked the lady in her speech.

"My husband, my good husband," continued she, "died suddenly, and within a few months of our marriage. If, as indeed I do not doubt, you are successful with the portrait of poor papa, I must—but we will speak of that another time."

It was fixed that the picture should be ready in a fortnight; she was again to visit my studio.

I cannot describe my feelings during the time that intervened. I was in a whirlpool of excitement. For the first week I said nothing. I dwelt only on her image. I thought of her as I had known her as a girl, I pictured her as a bride—I conjured her in her widowhood!

And yet only two years—two little years—had passed.

Alas! why had she married that old man? It could not be that there was any love or sympathy between them. The wide disparity in age made that impossible. Could she have wedded him for gold—have sold herself for—out upon the thought! the pure, the lofty-minded Laura Temple barter her youth and love and purity for the wealth of all the Indies! I must be a villain for the thought.

Besides, her father's fortune and her own position made the plea absurd, as my own knowledge of her guileless, simple heart made it wicked. I made at least twenty sketches, till I had brought back the old man's features one by one, and then I painted them. I knew that the expression was most like, and I touched and retouched, and touched again, till I longed for the morning of her coming.

She came. She expressed her entire satisfaction at my work, and the big drops stood in her eyes as she contemplated the picture with a subdued feeling of melancholy pleasure.

She asked me to her house—the one that had been her father's—to see a painting which she wished me to copy. She would be at home the following day. She pressed something into my hand and left the house. It was a check for a hundred guineas. I spent a sleepless time that night, laying down plans for the future, resolving and re-resolving a hundred different schemes, and through every vision created by my heated fancy the pale face and luminous eyes of the beautiful Laura came forth to look upon me.

It was two o'clock the next day when I called at her residence. She received me with great kindness, and, after some conversation, led the way into the dining-room, where hung the portrait of her late husband. I recognized it immediately; but, having looked upon it, my eyes would wander to the fair form beside me, and my thoughts dwell on that strange union.

Mrs. Manvers—I do not think I have called her by her husband's name before—seemed to guess at the ideas that were passing through my mind, and said, half reproachfully, as something like a sigh escaped me:

"He loved me since I was a child. He was my father's dearest friend. He became my husband. I should like to have a copy of that portrait—if not beneath your art—reduced on ivory, that I may wear it in a bracelet, as a companion to that of my father, taken in his youth.

I stammered something in reply, and rather to herself than me she added:

"Love levels all rank and years, and men who conjure idols in their loved one's eyes deserve at least all kindliness in memory."

She turned toward me when she had ceased speaking, and it struck me that she seemed almost sorry she had been led, as it were, so far to discuss what she had the quickness to perceive I regarded as sacrifice. Suddenly changing the tone of her voice, she said:

"I will send this portrait to Newman street to-night, with the bracelet which I wish the miniature to fit. When may I visit your studio?"

"In four days it will be done."

"I will see you, then. Good-by!"

She shook hands with me more warmly than I expected, and I returned to my lodgings.

I executed her commission as she bade me, but I was dissatisfied with my work—it was not done *con amore*. Albeit the man was dead, I could not dwell upon those features and their delineament, with the smallest shadow of enthusiasm—the features of the old man who had stepped in, I thought, to rob me of my love.

I had no right to think thus. I was wrong, and I regretted it often afterward. But I could not, or at least I did not at the moment, attempt to conceal my feelings.

My task was finished at the day appointed. I had fitted the ivory into the bracelet. I awaited her coming. She came not.

The next day, and the next, and still no Mrs. Manvers—no message. I began to think she would not come at all. I took out the miniature of her late husband. I kissed the bracelet a thousand times. I placed it next my heart.

A hundred times a day I looked at it. I tried an old portrait of myself, that I had taken some years back by way of practice; it fitted in the oval frame exactly!

I fancied it on her arm. I was pleased with the bauble. She would never come now. It could not have a better setting. I placed it in my desk for safety.

One day a messenger came from Russell square. Mrs. Manvers desired to see me that morning. I snatched the bracelet, in its little morocco case, as it then was, and hurried to her house.

She was lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, wrapped in shawls. She had been seriously ill; she was better now. She asked for the miniature. I had been so hurried by the summons, so startled at ever hearing from her again, that I gave her the case without a thought.

She opened it, and what wonder that she started when she read those features! An exclamation burst from her lips, and a deep crimson suffused her cheek.

"This! this is not my husband! You have painted your own likeness!"

I threw myself at her feet, as the truth flashed upon me. I implored her pardon in a thousand extravagant forms.

I left the house her accepted suitor. I became her husband. In Mrs. Easthope you have seen the Laura of my early love.
—Selected.

A BORDER ADVENTURE.

The close of August, 1830, found me by one of those strange freaks fortune is ever playing us poor mortals, alone and on horseback, following one of the wildest, dreariest roads I ever chanced upon. I need not stop to relate the occurrences of events that led me to take this trip to the far west, as it in no way concerns my story. Suffice to say, it was necessary for me to carry concealed in a belt around my person, several thousand dollars in hard cash. As may be supposed, this did not tend to lessen the vague sense of fear that I had held from the start, especially when I knew well the fact that the route through which I was to pass was infected by a band of lawless desperadoes, who would hesitate to commit no crime that might place them in the way to enrich themselves. I was armed to the teeth however, and I resolved not to yield my treasure.

Among the band of outlaws who infected the route was a wild, swarthy half-breed, known as Red Guilmont; he was leader of the company. It was well known that he was the perpetrator of countless murders; and though heavy rewards were offered for his capture and delivery at Burkesville, then a small frontier settlement, he had as yet eluded all pursuit, and seemingly safe in his unknown retreat, still followed his illegal calling. This, as may readily be expected, served to place me more on my guard; and I had reached the half-way point in my journey unmolested. I had begun to entertain the hope that I should